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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Balfour's suave review of foreign politics has at any rate given mild gratification on the Continent. We imagine too that his satisfaction at the removal of a cause of friction in Alaska has amused Americans. After all it is tolerably obvious that all friction can always be removed by surrender. On the whole the idea that the Lord Mayor's banquet should be the occasion for a startling exposure of the secrets of foreign Cabinets is dying out as surely as the Lord Mayor's Show itself. Mr. Balfour indulged in no fireworks and in the Show the allegorical cars gave way to prosaic detachments of Volunteers. The important part of Mr. Balfour's review of foreign politics was in substance, but not in form, a justification of Lord Lansdowne as foreign politician. It is a popular view that Lord Lansdowne owes his position to his delightfully Parisian accent; and from this gift for languages is drawn the thoroughly insular deduction that he is deficient in the proper English qualities. Throughout the whole of the Near Eastern crisis he has acted with strength and good sense. His early suggestions have been too tardily adopted; but in Mr. Balfour's statement that the present scheme represents a minimum and has the support of all the Powers we may see proof that the dictates of humanity have been much better asserted by Lord Lansdowne's actions than all the burdensome jeremiads of provincial bishops.

The collocation of Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil at Birmingham was an idea not altogether easy to penetrate. In the event Mr. Churchill supplied the sound and Lord Hugh Cecil the sense; and it is typical perhaps of the notion of perspective that the noise, taking pride of place, overmastered the argument. The good-humoured hootings of the big crowd outside the building and the tears, which a picturesque reporter describes as rising to the eyes of Mrs. Cornwallis-West at her son's oratory, indicate the bathos which the chief speaker achieved. Lord Hugh Cecil did something to retrieve the situation. His position is logical and clear. He is a free trader

out and out, but has eyes to see that in a protectionist world freedom of trade may be advanced by answering tariffs and that equality of tariffs may be the nearest practical approach to free trade. Preference to him means protection. The view in our opinion neglects the organic consideration of empire. If England can advance freedom by retaliation then the Empire, as an integral unit, can achieve a similar freedom by a similar process. But Lord Hugh Cecil's speech remains one of the best, because the clearest and most candid, from the free-trade point of view. Is that why it was delivered after Mr. Churchill's and cut down by the reporters?

In England, as in Germany, the news of the success of the operation which the German Emperor has undergone has been received with great relief. The knowledge of the trouble that caused the death of both the Kaiser's father and mother made the world perhaps unduly timorous; but the Kaiser appears to have been suffering from nothing worse than what is known as a benignant tumour. The operation, which is becoming increasingly common in one form or another, was to remove a simple polypus on the mucous membrane of the larynx. It seems to have been carried out with complete success, and the Kaiser who a few days previously had been entertaining the Tsar at Wiesbaden, where, as he said, he "had no time" to be operated on, will, it is hoped, be busy again in a few days. With admirable sense the symptoms have not been kept secret: mystery, of which the Kaiser is no friend, always increases popular fear and wildness of conjecture; and by insisting on candid bulletins the Kaiser has done a service to the civilised world, in every part of which his health is of national importance.

The acceptance of the Russo-Austrian note by the Sultan is still regarded as certain, for the excellent reason that no other alternative is practically open to him. But it remains that the Austrian and Russian ambassadors have handed in what may be called a penultimatum, insisting on his acceptance of the scheme in its entirety and that the Sultan, who is his own foreign minister, has given a flat refusal. The Government has a special objection to the first two articles of the scheme, in which the appointment of assessors and the reorganisation of the gendarmerie by officers of the Powers is insisted on. The next step must be the handing in of an ultimatum, in which a date is fixed for

the Sultan's surrender. The comparative peace in Macedonia which has prevailed during the operations has been a little disturbed. If there is truth in the rumour that Sarafoff is in Salonica it is superfluous to seek elsewhere for cause of the unrest. A study of the career of this busy conspirator is to be recommended to those humanitarians who treat the Sultan as the sole villain of the piece.

Lord Lansdowne made a promise of considerable value to a deputation of merchants who had been growing anxious on the subject of British interests in Morocco. The difficulties of the Sultan have been chiefly financial: and in order to restore his credit a loan of £2,000,000 is to be raised, half in England half in France, to be secured on the customs. This financial lien is in itself perhaps a sufficient insurance against the surrender of any British interests, which are becoming considerable in Morocco. But Lord Lansdowne went on to assure the merchants that in any event—and the possibility of serious change seemed to be in his mind—equality of opportunity would be assured to British commerce. As the merchants themselves will raise the British moiety of the loan they may consider Lord Lansdowne's promise as the best security any investor could hope for.

It is the commonest of mistakes for our country to exaggerate the influence of noisy leagues societies or associations reported from other countries; and we may take it for granted that the Anti-Russian League in Japan is not adequately representative of Japanese public opinion. Certainly a much stronger agitation for war in Korea was quashed years ago by the good sense of the Japanese Government. But the league has abstracted from Count Katsura, the Japanese Premier, an expression of opinion which is the more alarming as he would naturally avoid even the semblance of exaggeration. He chose the occasion to urge national unity because the situation was "most critical". A meeting of 250 "educated persons", whatever that may mean, held in Tokio has passed a motion urging on the Government "immediate action" compelling the settlement of the Manchurian question. It is a remarkable omission that Korea was not mentioned. We cannot believe that the Russians, among whom popular feeling does not count, will willingly face war; but a very slight excess in the continuance of tension may force Japan, where public opinion counts for a very great deal, into action which will put matters beyond the retrieval of diplomacy. The recall by China under pressure from Russia of the Taotai Yuan from the Korean border has been answered, according to one rumour, by the movement of a large number of Chinese troops into Manchuria.

One must admire the United States as one admires a horse-dealer. With the zeal of the professed altruist it has bestowed full sanction on the new little republic of Panama with a formal recognition of no less a person than its "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary" at Washington; and Colombia, who by every law of nature, had the right to correct her own children, is forbidden to interfere. It would be amusing to know from whom came the prompting to rebel and the promise of support from the big patron of little republics. There are likely to be no more difficulties in making the Canal and the smallness of the kingdom it passes through will leave American control absolute. From first to last the negotiations for the Canal have emphasised that American quality which in commerce is called cuteness, though it is differently styled in the books on ethics. If anything, this creation of an independent Panama is even smarter than the bluff which beat down "to a song" the price first asked by the French company. The Alaskan Treaty is almost as good an example of diplomatic methods. It was crowned, in the best manner of the dealer who has bested a neighbour, by Mr. Choate's humorous, may we say cheeky, allusion to the Guildhall banquet. This "happy ending" was his phrase.

The debate on Education in the French Senate produced an astonishing débâcle, which we should hope

will end in the disappearance of M. Combes. M. Girard proposed an amendment, by which anyone who had taken vows of obedience or celibacy was to be excluded from the right to open an intermediary school. M. Waldeck-Rousseau totally rejected the principle. M. Combes, though not accepting the amendment as such, eagerly fathered the principle and promised to extend it to cover all education, primary, intermediate or higher. He concluded by prophesying that the question of the separation of Church and State, for the sake of the "moral tranquillity" of the country, would be discussed next year. M. Combes, as M. Waldeck-Rousseau's stalking-horse, has been a lamentable success. If he takes a line of his own he is likely, one may hope, soon to appear as a welcome failure.

The Pope's first Allocution to the Sacred College was followed on Thursday by the first public consistory of the new Pontificate. He had announced at the first meeting that two new Cardinals would be created; and on Thursday Monsignor Merry del Val and Callegari and three others appointed at Leo XIII.'s last consistory took the oaths in the customary manner. Whoever thought some new policy might be declared will have found himself mistaken. Amidst the pious generalities which were to be expected, the Pope used a businesslike phrase which sets out the whole situation and makes all the rest such pious surplusage as would naturally be expected. He was surprised, he said, at the curiosity manifested as to the programme of his Pontificate, for he could not follow any path other than that followed by his predecessors. And yet how differently the same formula may be interpreted according to personal bent and circumstances! We may hope for the sake of steady government in Italy that the Catholics will be permitted again to exercise more of their natural influence in politics.

The birthday list was a relief. It contained no peers and not so very many baronets. The increase in the number of knights one can face with equanimity. After all it is the handles passed on, when the pitcher is broken, to the "progeniem vitiosiorum" that bring the incurable risk. But, as in the parable of the marriage lottery, in each batch of snakes are always a few eels. Mr. Lees Knowles has been even a keener follower of University athletics than the Lord Chief Justice and though we have known his decision as judge at Queen's Club disputed he has no Alaskan award to be sorry for and we know few better sportsmen. All Cambridge, and Oxford too, will be glad of his baronetcy. Nor will anyone be anything but glad that a knighthood has been given to Mr. R. K. Douglas. His Professorship of Chinese at the British Museum has in no way swamped his eager interest in affairs and we may add, remembering the success of Middlesex, in sport. The charm of his personality and the sincerity of his hospitality have been of real service in attracting the goodwill of Chinese embassies.

There was talk—among the very sanguine—at the time the Irish Land Bill was brought in of a possible reduction of expenditure in the near future in connexion with the Royal Irish Constabulary. It looks as if the Constabulary might, on the contrary, be very much required before long. Mr. Parnell had to be protected during his great campaign, and if we remember rightly Mr. Healy once had for a short while a bodyguard to save him from his dear friends. Now it looks as if the Constabulary might at any moment have to keep near Mr. Redmond. He has accepted a 24½ years' purchase from his tenants, and Queen's County Nationalists have passed a resolution condemning Mr. Redmond and urging the tenants to go back on the arrangement. This is rather tart, for a beginning. And Mr. O'Brien, who has retired in poignant sorrow, says he can do nothing to put public opinion in Ireland right, and save the unity of the party, without going into "infinitely painful" nay "horrifying" details. The "decency of Irish public life", he adds, forbids him to do this. This is distinctly unpleasant. We doubt however whether Mr. O'Brien and his friends will be able to avoid the scandal of which they are naturally

fearful: it appears that it began nine months ago: the *accouchement* may therefore be looked for any day now.

We shall not affect to be absolutely clear as to what it is all about. But the root explanation is probably this—that things were going smoothly too long to be tolerated. Irish politics were getting dull and unenterprising: there may have been a horrible suspicion abroad that the land settlement would stereotype this dullness. This danger has passed we imagine: fiery Cork Nationalists declare ominously that they know how to deal with Mr. O'Brien's assailants: Queen's County calls for a blow to be struck for Irishmen yet unborn. If the bulk or a large section of the Nationalists are bent on taking up an uncompromising attitude, Mr. Davitt, we are bound to say, would be their natural leader. He is not of course a big man compared with Parnell, but there is about him an untameable element, a starkness, which appeals to an imaginative people. There is none of the veneer of the respectable party politician about Mr. Davitt.

The resolution passed at the last meeting of the Penrhyn quarrymen to discontinue the strike was since the withdrawal of the Federation's support probably inevitable. Lord Penrhyn has won a temporary victory for Cobdenism, otherwise free trade in labour: and has done much to disgust the working classes with Toryism. Meanwhile for those strikers who have stood out to the last much commiseration may be felt, if, as the "Times" correspondent seems to imply, Lord Penrhyn will refuse to take many of them back. Perhaps some may find work in the new co-operation quarries in the district. The unhappy incident illustrates the unsatisfactory condition of Welsh politics. Welsh Toryism, demoralised as it is by the narrow individualism of men like Lord Penrhyn, is detested by the Welsh working-man and is naturally generally at the bottom of the poll. Welsh Liberalism inspired by dissenting preacherdom cannot find time from Temperance and educational squabbles to attend to a Labour question.

The Primate's advances to the nonconformists have been repelled, rudely in some quarters, emphatically in all. We are not surprised in the smallest degree. No one who knows anything of the political nonconformist could expect any other result. It may have been right to make these overtures that the world might see the Church was ready to take every step that could make for peace save unconditional surrender. But unconditional surrender is precisely what the nonconformists ask. We are not forgetting that there are nonconformists, such as Dr. Hunter, who take a less ignoble and more Christian view of the situation, but unfortunately they are a small minority. For the present, we see no hope of a concordat. In fact we doubt if a concordat will ever be arranged, but we do not despair of a settlement. By the repeal of the Cowper-Temple clause and legalising denominational teaching, all communions being put on precisely the same basis, the religious difficulty may be laid. We do not suppose the nonconformists would agree, but such a settlement would be too obviously just for them to upset.

The Bishop of Chichester in his Charge complains of the anomalous relations subsisting between chancellors and bishops. He says with truth that properly a bishop should preside at his consistorial court and be assisted by his chancellor and experts learned in canon law and history. Why then did the bishop, after the Court of Appeal had conclusively vindicated his right to sit in judgment in the Church of the Annunciation Ornaments case, remit the second hearing thereof to Dr. Tristram? Apparently he has no sympathy with the Doctor's methods; it is therefore to be regretted that he did not stand up to this official in the way the Bishop of London has actually done. (From a Wilberforce this might have been hoped.) However it is satisfactory to note that the bishops have at last realised that their chancellors do not give satisfaction.

The bishop also spoke on Church reform. He considers that no lay council will adequately represent the Church for which there is no female electorate.

Lord Rowton, who died last week, was an amiable and ornamental rather than a strenuous figure in politics. Indeed, since the death of Disraeli he had been no more than a detached observer of the party game, though he hovered a good deal about the House which his old chief dominated, and of which he might himself almost have claimed *pars magna fui*—for in politics the power and influence wielded by the great man's private secretary are really large. Men still recall delightedly the spectacle of Monty Corry walking arm-in-arm with his chief down Whitehall into S. James' Park: and they do not forget the chief's blue coat and yellow tie. Their grandfathers may have had very similar memories of Pitt and Dundas, who also walked arm-in-arm in the West End and between whom the same kind of friendship existed.

Oxford, as London, has to deplore the loss of a type of the past. Mr. Brodrick has died, almost in harness; and the hope we expressed when he resigned his wardenship of Merton that he might for many years yet be seen in Oxford has fallen sadly short of fulfilment. Oxford especially delighted in Mr. Brodrick because Oxford felt the vitality of his character. His unquenchable egoism, his delight in himself were the natural issue of a zest in all the many interests that his life touched. He tried, happily perhaps without success, to enter Parliament. He was a distinguished journalist, and with what recurring delight he loved to describe how for one day the "Times" hung on his sole responsibility. He deviated into literature, and the gush of his Ciceronian periods still bore internal evidence of his success as a leader-writer. But above all he was a great head of a great college, and yet no don in the narrow sense. He delighted in his knowledge of the points of a horse, and how often his keen gaunt figure as he rode back over Magdalen Bridge must have suggested a resemblance to Don Quixote! One is half afraid that, as Don Quixote, he concludes an age. Liddell, Jowett, Sewell, Brodrick—Oxford is hardly Oxford without their familiar figures, their vigorous personalities.

The London School of Economics and Political Science has arranged for November two courses of lectures on subjects which have a very obvious connexion both with economics and politics. Mr. H. J. Mackinder the Reader in Geography in the University of Oxford and in the University of London will give five lectures on "The Teaching of Geography". These lectures will develop the ideas of the committee appointed by the Royal Geographical Society to consider the question. In pre-scientific days, when the older generation was at school, geography was the most perfunctory and unintellectual of things taught; now it is seen to have claims to be put into its right position in education. The other course is to be by Mr. Michael E. Sadler of the Victoria University of Manchester and lately of the Board of Education, who will give four lectures on the subject with which his name and work are associated.

The action for libel brought by ex-detective officer Meiklejohn against Major Arthur Griffiths and Messrs. Cassell will be the classic example of the absurdity that may be the foundation of this kind of litigation. Twenty-seven years ago Meiklejohn smashed up the detective system of the metropolis by bringing over his fellow-officers along with him to conspire with the cleverest and boldest band of criminals that ever carried on gigantic schemes of fraud in the metropolis. Benson and Kurr and others who were in the Turf frauds, or the de Goncourt frauds as they were also called, were screened, aided and kept from arrest for several years, and letters were written to them as friends and for money though Meiklejohn knew about their nefarious proceedings. Major Griffiths in his book "The Mysteries of Police and Crime" had only repeated well-known facts: and the

late Mr. Montagu Williams who defended Meiklejohn had made stronger observations about his client than Major Griffiths did. The ex-detective did not go into the box : and therefore he had no intention of throwing a new light on the old facts and clearing himself. In fact it is a complete mystery what he brought the action for, unless he had the design of spreading in his later life the knowledge of his earlier exploits, which would else have been forgotten except amongst criminal lawyers. Major Griffiths' statements would not have done him as much harm as he has done himself.

No teams, except perhaps Maclaren's of 1901, have been more freely belittled than the eleven now in Australia. The "moral victory" at Adelaide will alter opinion. As compared with other representative elevens Mr. Warner's is essentially active. It has no sluggards. Also it has no tail. Arnold and Rhodes who go in last have both good averages in first-class cricket and all the bowlers bat well. The opening of the second match at Melbourne was even more promising, though Lilley and Braund and Arnold, all especially successful in the first game, were not playing. But Mr. Warner quite rightly was trying all his men with a view to the representative matches. People who go to the Oval will find their delight in Hayward's great innings tempered by some wonder that Surrey so signally failed last season. We must believe that it was from want of intention; and in seriousness of intention, so the oddly-worded cable messages tell us, this team is considered pre-eminent by the Australians. The great deficiency is a first-class fast bowler, and we are afraid in spite of the six bowlers, the want will be felt in representative games. It is a great pity the match was not played to a finish. Mr. Warner was perhaps a little too careful of his team in drawing early on Wednesday because of the Victoria match on Friday; and his declaration of the first innings, a thing unknown in Australian cricket, seems to have given some needless offence to Australian conservatives.

The first general meeting of subscribers to the National Art Collections Fund was held in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries on Wednesday of this week. The President Treasurer and Secretaries of the Provisional Committee were confirmed in their office, and names were submitted of members who should be invited to act on the Council and Executive Committee. The names of the officials and those of some of the prominent supporters of the Society will be found in another part of the Review. Already the progress made is most encouraging. Over £700 has been subscribed, and more than three hundred members enrolled. We need hardly say that we wish the greatest success to a project of so much national importance, and hope that it will grow to a truly national scale. Every lover of art who can afford it should tax himself at least to the extent of a guinea a year, the minimum subscription of the new society.

There is another national art collection, the great inheritance of Wren's genius, which was in yet more pressing need of public support; and the overwhelming vote against the proposal to pull down All Hallows Church and make profit out of the site is a welcome rebellion of the united parish against the strange iconoclasm of its bishop. We may hope that now he will withdraw his scheme and appreciate that the endowment of another church would be ill purchased by the destruction of this concrete type of the beauty of holiness. "Ceci a tué cela", said the priest of Notre Dame, pointing first to his printed book, then to the cathedral; and modern education has not yet so made good its early defects that we can afford to destroy any of the great achievements in architecture, when building was still an act of worship. There are "sermons in stones" and we cannot but consider that the Bishop of London's special letter read before the parish meeting was not fair in fact or in its appeal to the "conscience" of the parish. It would be an offence against more than archaeological and artistic reverence if so beautiful a place of worship were allowed to be lost.

LORD ROSEBERY'S INTRIGUES.

AS a contribution to the controversy on the reform of our tariff Lord Rosebery's speech at Leicester is of little importance and less interest. Apocryphal dialogues between the tallow-chandler and the old wife, which profess to record that "everything's a-going hup", cannot be treated as serious. Lord Goschen, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and Mr. Asquith have advanced arguments against the protective system which Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour would do well to meet as opportunity offers. But we need not waste ink and paper on the trifling, the incorrigible trifling, of our "courtly comedian". For a man who prepares his speech the inconsistency between the exordium and the peroration was somewhat glaring. Lord Rosebery began by clamouring for an immediate appeal to the constituencies upon the ground that uncertainty as to tariff arrangements and "unsatisfied expectations" were paralysing commercial enterprise. Then towards the end of his speech his constitutional timidity and vacillation reasserted themselves, and Lord Rosebery declared that on a question of this magnitude and complexity the one thing he dreaded was being "rushed". On this point we quite agree with Lord Rosebery, and, so far as we know, neither Mr. Chamberlain nor Mr. Balfour is a bit more anxious to "rush" the question than Lord Rosebery himself. But then the rushing must to a certain extent depend upon the action of the Opposition in Parliament, and in the term Opposition we include those Unionists who have pronounced their hostility to the policy of Mr. Chamberlain. The right to choose the moment for dissolving Parliament belongs by constitutional usage to the Prime Minister; and Mr. Balfour has declared that until he is beaten on the floor of the House of Commons he has no intention of appealing to the country. This declaration, like others of the kind, may be modified by circumstances. But if Lord Rosebery and his friends and the free importers do not wish to be rushed, let them at least drop their clamour for a general election, and refrain from embarking on a campaign of obstruction in the House of Commons.

There was, however, one part of Lord Rosebery's speech in which, to use the popular variant of Milton, there was more than meets the eye, and which to those who know what has been going on behind the scenes was both amusing and interesting. We allude to the passage in which he solemnly invited the Liberals who left the party in 1886 to return to the fold, and in which he more than hinted that if Conservative free importers liked to consider it, a bargain might be struck with them similar to the celebrated pact between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists on the question of Home Rule. For "corporate union" Lord Rosebery is far too clever to ask. His reading has taught him, if his experience of the last eighteen years did not remind him, how easily common action slides into corporate union, and how seldom seceders retrace their steps. To the Liberal-Unionist free traders, like Mr. Arthur Elliot and Mr. Lambton, Lord Rosebery says, Come and help us fight Protection, and then when the victory is won, you can if you like march out of our camp, "with flags flying and drums beating". To the Conservative free traders Lord Rosebery is naturally more guarded in his language, but to those who can read between the lines he says with adequate plainness, if you will fight the Protectionist candidate, you will be supported in your constituency by Radical votes. All this is very clever: but if we thought the offer was made on Lord Rosebery's own initiative or authority, we should treat it as of no more importance than the clouds which cross the sky. We have learned by experience how little reliance is to be placed on Lord Rosebery's bravest and most solemn declarations. But we have reason to believe that this part of Lord Rosebery's speech was the outcome of the close and deliberate councils of the Radical leaders. Equally authoritative and equally inspired was Lord Rosebery's exclamation, "Let bygones be bygones!" This was loudly cheered as a spontaneous outburst of magnanimity on Lord Rosebery's part towards Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was nothing of the kind: it was deliberately planned: and the

Radical party had already made their arrangements for shelving both Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. This certainly robs the exclamation of its magnanimity, for it only means that Lord Rosebery, having got rid of his two chief opponents, is quite ready to let bygones be bygones. Whether the two statesmen in question will see the thing in the same light is doubtful, but does not much matter—they have had their chance at the wicket. What Lord Rosebery loses in magnanimity, he gains in interest of another and more commanding nature. Taken in conjunction with the intrigues and secret conclaves of the Radical party that have been going on for weeks, the concluding sentences of Lord Rosebery's speech at Leicester become a political manifesto of first-rate importance. Will this bid for Unionist votes succeed? Already, as an earnest of what is to come, we know that arrangements have been made in more than one constituency by which the Conservative free-trade member will be supported at the next election by the Radical organisation.

The truth is that after wandering in the wilderness for fifteen years the Radicals have acquired some practical wisdom. There is nothing like prolonged exclusion from office for teaching home truths, and the most extreme members of the party have learned much that they did not know when they entered Parliament. Rightly or wrongly the Radicals have made up their minds that their hour is about to sound, and with the business instinct of their race they have been seriously setting their house in order. The first question to be settled was, naturally, who is to be Prime Minister? It is often possible to agree upon a negative more quickly than an affirmative, and on one point there was absolute unanimity—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was not the man. Mr. John Morley, who is said to be as hostile to Lord Rosebery as Sir William Harcourt is known to be, was in favour of Lord Spencer's Premiership, mindful, no doubt, that had the late Queen consulted him Mr. Gladstone would have nominated that nobleman as his successor. The respect for Mr. Morley is great, and it was therefore agreed that if Lord Spencer would act as a dummy or figure-head Premier certain important people would serve under him. Lord Spencer had naturally no objection to being the Liberal Prime Minister, but it was found impossible to make him understand that he was to be so only in name. Lord Spencer took himself so seriously that it became necessary to drop him, with the result, we believe, that Mr. Morley and Sir William Harcourt are regarded as outside any new combination. Further consultations between the right and left wings of the party took place, in which the representatives of the Radicals below the gangway came to the same conclusion as their leaders on the Front Opposition bench, that Lord Rosebery was their only possible Prime Minister, and that Mr. Asquith was their only possible leader of the House of Commons. So far things went more smoothly than the leaders had any right or reason to expect, and Lord Rosebery was correspondingly elated. Encouraged by this success a complete Cabinet was appointed, until at last the question arose, where is the majority to come from? It is very well to come to terms with Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. John Ellis and the Labour members: but this will avail nothing if a majority cannot be obtained. Had Mr. Chamberlain not raised this tariff question, it is pretty certain that the Government would have been turned out on the Education Act and the War Commission's report. But Mr. Chamberlain has raised it, and it is of supreme importance to Lord Rosebery to divide the Unionist party upon it. It will therefore be seen that Lord Rosebery's invitation to the Conservative and Liberal-Unionists to come over and help him to fight Mr. Chamberlain was real business, and not a platform platitude. There is, however, great doubt in the minds of the Radical leaders as to whether Lord Rosebery's offer will be accepted. No one knows better than Mr. Asquith that Lord Rosebery is not trusted by the Unionists—probably Lord Rosebery knows it himself. There is only one statesman whose adhesion to Lord Rosebery could reduce Mr. Chamberlain's victory to a sporting chance: we mean the Duke

of Devonshire. Of course the Duke of Devonshire could only join a combination as its head; but Lord Rosebery has signified his willingness to serve under the Duke of Devonshire, and under no one else. If therefore the Duke of Devonshire were to consent to join Lord Rosebery in fighting Mr. Chamberlain, we believe that a certain number of wavering Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists would flock to a free-trade flag. But the Duke of Devonshire might not be acceptable as Prime Minister to the Radicals below the gangway: while on his side the Duke of Devonshire might object to sit in the same Cabinet as Mr. Lloyd-George. If Lord Rosebery has to choose between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Lloyd-George he will probably prefer the former. But will the Duke of Devonshire combine his forces with those of Lord Rosebery? He might: it is difficult to say what the Duke of Devonshire might or might not do at this minute. If he thought that by heading a Liberal Free-trade Government he could keep the extreme Radicals out of the Cabinet, he might accept even Lord Rosebery's assistance in so congenial a manoeuvre, which the Duke probably thinks is quite as important for the country's welfare as defeating Protection. Apart from the question of tariffs, a Devonshire-Rosebery Administration should be one which all Conservatives would be glad to see formed as an alternative Government and would support. In the meantime, however, Lord Rosebery's speeches have acquired, for the first time for many years, a more than literary interest.

AN ARMY BOARD.

A RESHUFFLING of the War Office cards was inevitable after the outcry raised by the War Commission; and the easiest method of achieving this end was found in Lord Esher's supplementary note. Not that the note contained anything which was particularly original, or was even the result of much detailed thought. But it was at least a proposal, which the War Commission as a body had not the hardihood to produce: and as such it has earned for its author a somewhat fictitious notoriety, and has no doubt led to his being selected as Chairman of the Committee which is "to advise as to the creation of a board for the administrative business of the War Office, and as to the consequential changes thereby involved". Still we imagine that the Committee will find the problem far harder to solve than at first sight appears. It is alleged that the War Secretary—judged by the example of the Admiralty First Lord—is likely to be more successful in impressing his views upon Treasury and Parliament, if he is backed by a more authoritative pronouncement of professional opinion than is at present the case. To this end Lord Esher proposes, as at the Admiralty, to create a War Office board of eight members, consisting of the War Secretary, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General—under whom is to be placed the Inspector-General of Fortifications—the Director-General of Ordnance, the Director-General of Mobilisation and Intelligence, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary, the Financial Secretary and the Permanent Under-Secretary. It is further proposed that the Commander-in-Chiefship should, as recommended by the Hartington Commission, be abolished; and that in its place a general officer commanding the army should be created. This officer, sitting by himself and possibly at the Horse Guards, would be removed from the War Office; and his functions would somewhat resemble those of a financial auditor. He would report on fortresses, ordnance magazines, clothing, stores, equipment and hospitals, and would annually certify as to the efficiency of the same; the main object of this change being to give the Secretary for War an inspecting officer of high rank, not himself primarily responsible, whose business it would be to keep him informed as to actual efficiency. In fact the proposals briefly may be summarised thus: he reorganisation of the War Office Council with a clearer definition of its functions, whilst reserving to the War Secretary final parliamentary responsibility; the internal decentralisa-

tion of the War Office by a rearrangement of its duties under the members of the board, and by the abolition of the cross-jurisdiction now existing: and the abolition of the office of Commander-in-Chief.

We may say at once that we welcome this committee, as evidence that the Government is, through whatever cause, alive to the importance of placing army administration on a sound basis. But we must incidentally remark that what army administration at this moment requires above all things is rest; and time to render workable the far-reaching innovations which have recently been introduced—a consummation which we fear Parliament and people will never allow it to achieve. Let us now compare the proposed board with the existing War Office Council. The main differences would be that a formal body would be organised by Order in Council, in place of the practically informal one now convened by the Secretary for War; and that the great military officers would become responsible—at any rate to their political chief—for the working of the whole machine, instead of as heretofore being merely responsible for the working of their own departments. For it is hardly to be expected that any Government would consent to place the War Office on the same footing as was the Admiralty Board before 1869, when its joint responsibility was taken away by Order in Council, and the sole parliamentary responsibility of the First Lord substituted. Hence we are led to the supposition that the changes indicated would not be of a very far-reaching character. It would still be open, we imagine, for a strong-minded War Secretary to take his own course in defiance of his expert advisers. The whole question must after all be governed by the personnel of the board, and to a lesser extent the calibre of the departmental chiefs. Thus the principal reason why the Quartermaster-General's Department acquitted itself so well during the South African War, was because the Quartermaster-General, Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke, happened to be a particularly able and businesslike administrator. But under one less able, or one who did not apply himself so assiduously to the work of his department, the same result would not be achieved, in spite of army boards, however constituted. Moreover the hopes entertained as to the efficacy of an army board will certainly be dashed, unless far greater pains are in future taken to secure the best qualified individuals to preside over the great departments; and unless we eradicate the system of "jobbery" which occasionally prevails under the present military régime, in the selection of candidates for even the highest posts. It is indeed an open secret that of the present six great military chiefs but two can be accounted really fitted for the positions they hold, although it must be admitted that those two could hardly be improved upon. Lord Esher alludes airily to the rearrangement of duties, and the abolition of the cross-jurisdiction now often existing. Nevertheless a thousand and one cases continually arise, for which no amount of forethought could possibly legislate; and in any case it is manifestly impracticable to abolish the so-called cross-jurisdiction in the summary manner advocated. For instance, how is it possible to decide various complicated questions of defence without reference at least to the two departments of the Director-General of Mobilisation and Intelligence and the Inspector-General of Fortifications? Again how can questions relative to the movements of troops be settled otherwise than by the joint efforts of the Adjutant-General's Department which orders the moves, and the Quartermaster-General's which works out the often complicated arrangements for moving units from place to place? And such instances might be multiplied a hundredfold. Lastly as to abolishing the office of Commander-in-Chief, and creating in its place an Inspector-General. Under existing conditions the former post is unquestionably an anomaly. The name is high-sounding, and at the same time misleading. For the real Commander-in-Chief—even in the more favourable circumstances in which Lord Roberts, as distinguished from Lord Wolseley, serves—is the Secretary for War, without whose sanction little can be done. On the other hand the latter—unlike the First Lord who, as chief of the

board representing the dormant Lord High Admiral, is in a sense the actual head of the navy—though the real, is not the nominal head of the army: and this anomaly would to a large extent be removed by an army board on the Admiralty pattern. In any case matters could hardly be more anomalous or unsatisfactory in this respect than they are at present. As regards the proposed Inspector-General, more or less independent of the War Office, it would we fear be very difficult to carry out such a plan satisfactorily. We should obtain a dignified officer rushing about the country inspecting fortresses, of which he probably knows little, and hospitals and ordnance factories, of which he knows less; and conducting a number of inspections, which at best must be, as commander-in-chief's inspections always have been, extremely superficial. Indeed we fail to see why, if an ambulatory inspector is not a necessary appendage of an Admiralty board, he should be so of a War Office board. Army corps commanders—for we presume at any rate that the first three will be retained—and district generals should surely suffice.

The difficulty of finding a satisfactory system of army administration is only too well exemplified by the numerous changes which have taken place since the Sovereign gave up the personal command in 1793; and it is sincerely to be hoped that the Admiralty plan will prove to be a solution of the difficulty. It is said that the naval members of the board exercise a greater influence on the affairs of their service than do their military confrères. But, if this be the case, we conceive it to be due rather to the highly technical nature of Admiralty questions than to the actual constitution of the board itself. A layman, in the course of a few months or even years, cannot pretend to hold decisive views on naval matters; and hence perforce he must be largely guided by expert opinion. But these premises by no means hold good in the case of the army. There are few laymen who do not hold their own views on military matters, and fewer still who are reticent in expressing them. Thus, whatever the system may be, the political element is more likely to exercise a predominant influence at the War Office than at the Admiralty; in which circumstances we are inclined to doubt whether the creation of an army board after the Admiralty pattern—which after all in modern times has not been subjected to the test of war—would effect so much difference as is usually supposed, or provide us with machinery much better calculated to withstand the strain of a great war.

DEBILITY IN THE COURTS.

LORD ALVERSTONE reached the climax of his powers of enunciating commonplaces in his address at the Law Courts to the Lord Mayor. If anything is needed to explain the disappointment he arouses in the profession this speech is quite sufficient. Certainly it was well known that he will always keep clear of any topics which are not of a stock kind, and that he is never likely to contribute much that is useful to a discussion where he might arouse any unpleasant opposition. He invites the Lord Mayor forsooth to tell him what sort of legal reforms should be introduced. It might be thought that his position required him to contribute something useful of himself to the matter: but no; though we find that he has three ideas about it. First of all that the judges are on the whole overworked notwithstanding that they have about a third of the year for holidays: secondly that it cannot be contemplated for a moment to alter the Circuit system which everybody knows is at the root of the whole mischief: thirdly that it is necessary to increase the number of Judges. The last is precisely that kind of reform to which alone the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice are equal. They have no ideas for reorganising the system of legal administration; they would rather go on muddling with the old system than attempt to reform it; and therefore they propose what the least intelligent of persons could propose without any mental effort—an increase on an already sufficiently large number of Judges. Probably it is too

large already if anything properly to be called legal reform were to be introduced. But it is a cruel dilemma the nation is in over its litigation. While it cannot expect any politician or lawyer of influence to take steps for reforming the administration so as to economise judicial power and thus have sufficient for all it requires, the delay and expense of litigation are intolerable and if they are to be removed there seems only one way: that is to appoint more Judges. It is like governing in a state of siege which it has been said any fool can do; and that is the rôle which the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Chancellor have laid down for themselves as suited to their commonplace powers or their lethargy, or both combined. Therefore many, who quite well know what a disgraceful thing it is that this should be declared by high legal officials to be the only solution, are coming to acquiesce in proposals which will save certain people trouble though they will cost the country money.

We dare say Lord Alverstone thinks there can be no doubt that an increased number of Judges will perform a proportionate increase of work. That is the sort of short-sighted view we should expect him to take. What would probably happen is that when there were more Judges on the Bench they would all straightway begin to take matters more easily. If nothing else can be done than appoint more Judges, then things have become so unsatisfactory that it may be necessary to do so, though it is a wasteful method this which has exhausted all the Lord Chief Justice's stock of ideas. Unfortunately we hardly believe that even if he gets the Lord Mayor to help him he will be able to persuade Parliament to adopt his plan. He might as well fail gloriously over a large scheme, if he were able to devise one, as over the peddling proposal he actually makes. We believe this matter is at a deadlock because Parliament would know it was being asked to commit a piece of extravagance in order to avoid doing what ought to be done. In that case, and if we cannot expect a genuine reform, perhaps a better bit of tinkering than creating new Judges may be suggested. Commissioners are sent on Circuit to take the place of Judges who for any reason are not able to go themselves. Why should not the same principle be adopted in London and counsel at the Bar of the same standing as Commissioners be appointed temporarily to meet emergencies. We do not see any reason why a Judge should always be sitting in chambers when a Commissioner would do equally well. Some such plan as this would be better than increasing the permanent expenses of the judicial staff when there is really no permanent necessity for it, except what comes from want of resource on the part of legal officials. Until they have developed some degree of alertness, and are earnest enough to procure permanent reforms, the proposed tinkering would at least have more chance of success than the preposterous Third Division of the Appeal Court; that product of the combined wisdom of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice. They have indeed little reason to be proud of the new patch they have put on the old garment. A greater Irishism was never perpetrated. All the Courts were in arrear—House of Lords, the Probate Division, the Common Law Division, the two Courts of Appeal; therefore a third court formed out of the judges of one class of Courts in arrear was set to help the other Courts in arrear. The result is pretty; and what a curious financial operation it would be to increase your fortune by taking money out of one pocket and putting it in another!

The Lord Chief Justice says there is no reserve for cases of illness. Now the fact is, though it is not very pleasant to have to say it, there is far too much chronic illness on the Bench. It is nonsense to pretend to keep a staff of Judges which shall be equal to supplying the places of Judges who unfortunately have broken down again and again for long periods. That is a hopeless method. Provision should be made by appointing a Commissioner in case of a Judge being absent through temporary causes. In other cases where it is evident he has become permanently unfit there should be power to relieve him. We do not desire to mention names, for we have every sympathy with their misfortunes, but there are several Judges whom circumstances have pointed out for some

time as being under a moral obligation to retire. The interests of litigants ought to be the first consideration: and therefore there ought to be an understanding that the Bench should be kept supplied with Judges intellectually and physically vigorous, and not broken down either by illness or rendered more or less unfit by old age. These powers as well as that of appointing Commissioners would need legislation; but Parliament which consented to try the foolish Third Division scheme would surely consider them not only as economical as this but much more feasible. Yet with such self-satisfied optimists and Panglosses at the head of affairs as the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice it would perhaps be justified in thinking that measures without men would not make much difference.

* * We propose next week to discuss Mr. Justice Wills in our Judicial Selection.

THE VALUE OF A PREFERENTIAL TARIFF.

IT is significant of the progress Mr. Chamberlain has already made in his campaign that his opponents except in a few instances no longer question the desirability of the movement towards Imperial consolidation. Happily advocates of tariff reform possess one admirable concrete example of the benefits that can be derived from closer trade relations between the component parts of the Empire. We refer of course to the preferential treatment first granted to this country by Canada in 1897. As everyone knows, the action of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Government was the occasion, though not the cause, of Mr. Chamberlain's final breach with Cobdenite economics, and if the success of that new departure were better realised in the United Kingdom, the already numerous secessions from the Cobdenite position would increase still more rapidly.

It is unfortunate that the Colonial Office, in the memorandum which it issued last year, took a line with regard to the concessions Canada had already made us, that betrayed a lamentable ignorance of the commercial relations between Canada and its two rival suitors, the United Kingdom and the United States. The Canadian Government issued a dignified reply to this memorandum, and Mr. Chamberlain at least admits the reasonableness of their defence.

In the first fiscal year of the Dominion's existence—that ending 30 June, 1868—the imports into Canada for home consumption amounted to nearly \$72,000,000. Practically all Canada's imports came from the United Kingdom and the United States, and do so now. Let us analyse these imports a little. We find that 50·93 per cent. of the total came from the United Kingdom and 36·56 from the United States, leaving only 12·51 per cent. for the rest of the world. Of the \$72,000,000 however 65 per cent. alone paid duty, and 57·84 per cent. of this duty represented the share of the United Kingdom, that of the United States being 19·04 per cent. In other words the exports of the United Kingdom to Canada were largely manufactured goods and our position was unchallenged by the United States. Canada has steadily increased the value of her dutiable imports although their proportion to the free goods has slightly fallen, but the shares of the two competing nations have changed in a remarkable way. In 1902, 25·98 of the total duty paid represented the share of this country while that of the United States had risen to 46·74. It is only fair to admit that on account of the preference given to British manufactures the real proportion of British to American trade is not represented by these figures, but they suggest reflection.

Canada is the nearest neighbour of the industrial States in the American Union, and naturally we felt American competition in that market long before we did in any other. The growth of population and the improvement of transport facilities in the Eastern States both compelled and assisted the American manufacturer to seek an outlet in Canada, and everything combined to draw closer the relations between Canada and the United States. Even the National Policy of Sir John Macdonald hit England more severely

than her rival, and by 1885 we had to encounter in Canada itself a manufacturing interest entrenched behind a high tariff-wall. We had refused to assist Canada in finding an outlet for her agricultural products in our markets, and in self-defence she had developed industries as the only alternative to inclusion in the United States.

We had grown accustomed to the belief that no nation could dispute our claim to supply all the manufactures required by our Colonies, but we were soon disillusioned. It was only natural that cotton manufacturers should spring up in the New England States, but no one expected that they could threaten our market even in Canada. However by 1897 we had lost our overwhelming superiority, for instead of our exports being valued at nearly \$4,500,000 as they were in 1887, they were barely \$2,700,000. The Americans, however, despite the fall in prices had steadily increased their exports of cotton manufactures till they stood at \$1,119,000 in 1897. This decline in the value of our staple export was only symptomatic of the general failure of our attempt to keep a hold on the Canadian market which was rapidly rising in value. Helped by the McKinley and Dingley Tariffs the American exporter would doubtless have completely ousted us from the Canadian as he had from the American market, had we not been saved by a remission of first a fourth and then a third of the duty imposed on imported cotton manufactures. As the duty is at the rate of 20 per cent. ad valorem, we can imagine its effect on an industry where prices are so keenly cut as in the cotton trade, and it is not too much to say that it has made all the difference between success and failure to the American attempt. In 1902 our exports of cotton goods under the preferential tariff had increased to \$4,815,000, while those of the Americans had only increased to \$1,584,000. It may be added that the share of the trade now retained by the Americans depends upon their capacity for the superior production of special lines of goods, and it has certainly declined in comparison with ours, since the effective preference of 33½ per cent. was given in 1900.

It would be comparatively easy to take the case of the woollen or linen export trade and prove how efficacious the preference has been not only in arresting the decline but also in actually stimulating the growth of our exports of textiles, at a time when they are being driven more and more out of foreign markets. We have an overwhelming superiority in the export of manufactures of flax, hemp and jute, while if we take the case of the woollen manufactures our position is not seriously disputed. Indeed so successful has the preference been that the Canadian woollen manufacturers are clamouring for its withdrawal or decrease since they feel our competition keenly. The fourth great branch of our textile exports, silk manufactures, is no real exception to the rule. The native industry is admittedly a declining one and most of our exports to Canada are not native, but foreign re-exports. The total value of exports and re-exports has steadily risen in sympathy with the demand for other British goods since the Preferential Tariff was introduced. These four groups of exports in 1902 accounted for \$18,147,000 of the total of \$35,062,564, representing the value of all dutiable goods. The general rate of increase since the preference was introduced is about 68 per cent., but the increase under these four classes alone is 75 per cent. Provisional figures only are available for 1903, but these show an increase of \$7,000,000 on goods imported under the Preferential Tariff.

In the face of these results no fair-minded man can deny the value of the preference already given by Canada. Between 1890 and 1897 the total British exports to Canada had decreased by 32 per cent. to \$29,412,188, but by 1902, despite falling prices they had reached the promising figure of \$49,206,062. It is no answer to say that our share of Canada's total trade has fallen. Canada is by nature one of the richest countries of the world and can continue to expand her trade almost indefinitely. She offers us the lion's share on the most favourable terms and there is little she requires which Britain the nation and Britain the Empire cannot supply. 1902 was the "banner" year of Canadian prosperity but even yet her zenith is far

distant. We are asked to make some temporary sacrifice that we may exchange a market slowly escaping from our power for one whose potentialities no man ventures to circumscribe. With the statistical secretary of the Free Trade Union we admit that the Colonies are not yet our most important customers, but we decline to allow a statement of the Imperial problem to pass current as a solution of it. It is because we recognise that the Empire's existence, to say nothing of its prosperity, depends upon the forging of other ties than those of a silken Imperialism, that we urge the necessity for a wider view of our national future.

Free importers in England may doubt the value of the Canadian preference to this country, but among those of our rivals who are most closely concerned there is no doubt whatever. It would be superfluous to adduce any particular lament from Germany, since her action towards Canada has proved that the shoe already pinches very hardly indeed, but a sure index is provided by the trend of popular feeling in the United States on the question. At first the Americans affected to scoff at the new policy, but they are growing seriously alarmed now, and this time they and not the Canadians are proposing a Reciprocity Treaty. One of the most intelligent witnesses before the recent United States Industrial Commission was Mr. Osborne Howes, secretary of the Boston Board of Fire Underwriters. He was giving evidence as to the commercial relations between Canada and the United States, and although naturally disposed to magnify his countrymen's successes he sees readily enough the genesis and probable outcome of the new movement for Imperial solidarity.

"They [the Canadians] do not sell us enough to make it a vital question whether they do business with us or not. We are the petitioners. We see in Canada our best market; Canada sees nothing here that is seriously necessary to her welfare. The tendency has been and is to drive Canada away from us. Thus in the future if 33½ per cent. differential is not enough it will be raised to 50 per cent. or 75 per cent., or it will be swept away by the federated Empire of England and her colonial dependencies, a change which is by no means unlikely. In the transformation now taking place the old English free-trade system may go by the board, and England and her colonies find their advantage in trading between themselves and in supplying each other's needs. This change may not be so far off unless we intervene; and, looking to our own interests, we are compelled by the necessities of the case to intervene. It is not altogether our Canadian market that is in peril. Of our enormous exports more than one-half are sold to England, and England's dependencies and colonies. We cannot afford to lose this English market." (Vol. ix. p. 717.)

The case for imperial reciprocity cannot be put more lucidly than this American business man puts it. If we "let well alone", as the Cobdenites advise, the only privilege our wealth will buy us is that of being devoured last. If, on the contrary, we boldly cast aside the theories of a discredited cosmopolitan system of economics and lay the foundations of a new imperial State, broad and deep on the principle of developing the over-sea inheritance of our race for the good of all, we can afford to disregard tariff wars and threats of retaliation. So long as we are the world's market we can allow foreign nations to retaliate at their will, for such action injures rather the retaliator. If the new policy is successful, retaliation on the part of those outside the union will only weld its members the more closely together. In a word, cosmopolitanism is no longer a possible even if a desirable policy. Imperialism alone remains as the next step in our social evolution, and its limits are chiefly set by the economic utility of its members.

THE ALASKA TRIBUNAL AND INTERNATIONAL LAW.

I.

LORD ALVERSTONE, having made public the reasons for his decision in the Alaska Boundary dispute, after a comment on the term "ocean" in the Treaty, hereafter referred to, says, "This

still leaves open the interpretation of the word coast to which the mountains were to be parallel. There is, as far as I know, no recognised rule of International Law which would by implication give a recognised meaning to the word coast, as applied to such sinuosities and such waters different from the coast itself". This seems a regrettable admission of the Lord Chief Justice for he thereby admits that he had no precedent in International Law to guide him; and allows the public to suggest that other influences induced him to "make the law" which decided the territorial rights of Canada. It was within his right to refrain from disclosing his reasons and so follow Lord Hannen's reticence in the Behring Sea Arbitration. He might have adopted Sir George Jessel's opinion that a judge, when sitting as a jury, might assume the privilege of jurors and give a verdict without disclosing reasons. A short review of the recognised French, United States, and British authorities will, it is submitted, furnish the recognised interpretation of the word "coast", used in the treaty, with or without the expression sinuosities and waters referred to. And here it may be presumed that International Law is a science, and, like all other sciences, has terms of art which have acquired clear and well-understood meanings,—especially the terms "ocean" "sea" "river" "territorial waters" "coast" "shore" "sovereignty" &c.

Hautefeuille, in his "*Droits et Devoirs des Nations Neutres*", gives the following: "The coast of the sea does not present a straight and regular line, it is, on the contrary, almost always indented by bays, capes, &c. If the maritime domain must always be measured from their rock or earth at each margin, or shore (*rivage*), it would result in great inconvenience. It has therefore been agreed by the usage of nations, to draw an imaginary line (*ligne fictive*), from one promontory to another, for the place of the departure of the cannon shot," over the three-mile belt of territorial water (v. i. p. 59).

The "great inconvenience" here referred to was graphically illustrated by the judge of a State Supreme Court in construing a similar expression to that in the Treaty of 1825—"ten leagues from the coast": "The contracts require the upper line to be drawn parallel with the coast. How can this line be drawn parallel to the natural one, which has every imaginable curvature and sinuosity? After the whole country is surveyed, it may not be an entire impossibility to trace upon a map at least the counterpart of the coast line, however irregular and diversified. But can one imagine that a Government would require, or attempt, such a line in a wilderness, for either political purposes, or for fixing the boundaries of property? It would require more numerous monuments and landmarks to ascertain its position than perhaps any other line ever drawn upon the globe. Could any officer or citizen ever know with precision when he had passed the boundary; or could not an offender, by dodging from post to pillar, or if he took a straight course, be in and out of the boundary one hundred times a day?" Is not such a result rather within the maxim, *lex neminem cogit ad vana seu inutilia*?

This international doctrine of *ligne fictive* had been adopted by the Government of the United States in 1793, in the case of the capture of the British ship "Grange" by a French frigate in Delaware Bay, "within its capes before she reached the sea". The Government held that such capture was "a violation of the territory of the United States", and ordered the restoration of the ship to the British owners. And in the case of the French corvette "L'Africaine", in 1804, the United States Admiralty Court held that a submerged shoal six miles from land was not "coast".

The doctrine has also been approved by the American author Wheaton, who, in his work on "International Law", commends Hautefeuille as "the author of the ablest treatises on the science of International Law that have appeared in France"; and he adds that "the term 'coast' includes the natural appendages of the territory which rise out of the water; . . . but it does not properly comprehend all the shoals which form sunken continuations of the land and are perpetually covered with water". And in a note he states that "coast" is properly not the sea, but the land which bounds the

sea. It is the limit of the land jurisdiction, which extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent arms of the sea, enclosed by headlands belonging to the same State (pp. 320-1). Halleck, another American author on International Law, concurs, and comments on the exclusive right of territorial domains over bays or portions of the sea cut off by lines drawn from one promontory to another along the coast, i.e. cut off from the ocean by the *ligne fictive*.

This doctrine was in 1890 confirmed by the Supreme Court of the United States, which held that a Statute of Massachusetts was an affirmation of the law of nations, which declared that "where an inlet or arm of the sea does not exceed two marine leagues in width between its headlands, a straight line (*Hautefeuille's ligne fictive*) from one headland to the other is equivalent to the shore-line".

These American authorities, it is submitted, show that the term "coast" in International Law means not only the elevated land which rises out of the ocean, but also the imaginary straight line (*ligne fictive*), across the submerged land of bays, rivers, and other arms of the sea of six miles width from headland to headland, as the equivalent or continuation of the land coast; and thereby to indicate, as to such submerged land, the limit of the territorial sovereignty to which they belong; and also the outside boundary of the territorial waters of such sovereignty. The expression "windings [*sinuosités*] of the coast", must be held controlled by the term "coast"; and is therefore subordinated to this rule of *ligne fictive*, otherwise there would be uncertainty in the universal application of the rule, as stated by Hautefeuille. The bay, or river, or other arm of the sea, with their submerged lands, held with the land beneath its waters within cannon shot of the *ligne fictive*, is, in law, held to be occupied by the sovereignty with its occupation of their headlands and adjoining coast.

The doctrine of "*ligne fictive*" is further recognised in the Anglo-French treaties of 1839 and 1867,—the latter providing that the distance of three miles fixed as the general limit of fishing upon the "coast" of Great Britain and France, "shall, with respect to bays, the mouths of which do not exceed ten miles in width, be measured from a straight line drawn from headland to headland". This same term "coast" has appeared in the British Hovering Acts since 1736, and has, therefore, a statutory meaning, not inconsistent with that given to it by International Law.

An English authority (Wilcox on "the Ocean, the River and the Shore"), quoted before the Alaska Tribunal, thus interprets the term: "In general the coast line follows the shore of the sea, but it crosses" (as *ligne fictive*) "each inlet". "The outside sea is the ocean, the high-sea or open-sea; it is common to all nations, and the people of all nations." These recognised rules of International Law defining the meaning of the term "coast" furnish it is submitted a recognised meaning of that term.

But the majority of the tribunal has also decided that the international boundary line crosses the Stikene and all other rivers of Alaska within the ten marine leagues from the coast, but that it does not cross any of the bays and inlets. This gives judicial sanction to the illogical claim of the United States pointed out in the "Contemporary Review" last year: "By a strange discordance, the United States concede that the international boundary line crosses certain territorial waters, or arms of the sea, geographically designated 'rivers', but denies that it crosses certain other territorial waters, or arms of the sea, geographically designated 'inlets, bays and canals'; although, as to their territorial sovereignty, International Law declares that both classes of territorial waters are 'arms of the sea', and treats them as though they were land. The existence of such inlets, bays and canals cannot, therefore, authorise variations in the measurement of the Alaska *lisière*."

This judicial sanction of the tribunal is further in direct conflict with the judgment of Mr. Justice Story of the Supreme Court of the United States, delivered in 1829, in which he held that Boston Harbour, having a broad open sea mouth intersected by several islands, was an "arm of the sea" and not part of the high sea

or open ocean, adding: "an arm of the sea may include various subordinate descriptions of inland waters, where the tide ebbs and flows, such as a river, harbour, creek, basin or bay; and it is sometimes used to designate very extensive waters within the projecting capes of a country." And he also held that islands at the mouths of such arms of the sea are opposite shores or headlands "to a line running across". The widest sea channel of Boston Harbour is between five and six miles in width; the widest sea channel of Lynn Canal is four and three-quarter miles in width, while Taku inlet is only one-fifth of a mile at its ocean-mouth.

THOMAS HODGINS.

THE BOARD SCHOOL GIRL.

MANY papers—including the SATURDAY REVIEW—have commented kindly on a trivial little dispute I had lately with a School Board. As a matter of fact I believe both complainant and defendant to have been technically wrong. I ought never to have sent the girl I was training to school at all: such application for State aid being tantamount to a confession that I did not consider the education I was giving sufficient for her. On the other hand, my defence being that she was under sufficient instruction, the School Board should never have prosecuted till it had proof, by actual examination, that the girl's education was neglected. But it was a ridiculous little case at most! There was I, a Girls' School Inspector of many years' standing, a woman who of her own initiative has started and supported school after school, who—and this is the quaintest part of it all!—possesses no less than three formal votes of thanks for her constant and consistent interest in education from this particular School Board itself, haled by it to a police court and arraigned as a common malefactor between a milkwatering and a drunk and incapable case!

Yet it is informing in its way and brings into clear relief the absolute tyranny of which the inflexible administration of any fixed law is capable. The absurd little incident has, however, in one way a quite inestimable value to me, since it provides a pure and unadulterated sample of what the great mill of education—for whose working we pay twenty millions a year—seeks to grind out slowly but exceeding small. And so it gives me something tangible at which it is allowable for a quixotic person to tilt—that is a mill which is undeniably driven by wind. For what else but a windmill can we call an educational machine which without regard to the raw material it has or has not to grind, heedless of whence it came, or whither it goeth, whirls on remorselessly, grinding wheat and tares together driven by the changing blasts of party politics. Read through, for instance, the Education Act—new or old does not matter, since any Education Act I have ever heard of errs with equal and intolerable ignorance—and see if the one great unalterable difference in physiological life between a boy and a girl is even considered. It is not. And yet it is, it must be perforce, a potent factor in the whole question of girls' education. Privately, of course, the units of legislation—the men I mean, wise or ignorant (I feel for once comforted for my exclusion from the voting list) who connive through their member of Parliament at Education Acts and such like—know perfectly well that if Johnny grows fast he cannot be expected to learn fast; and that even Annabella's mamma finds her a trifle difficult to manage, when, after eight years of manual idleness at school she is delivered at the age of fourteen into her parents' hands and expected then, when nature fulfils her with vague longings for laziness and luxury, to find satisfaction in scrubbing floors and similar domestic details. To expect that she will is almost incredibly foolish. To a very large extent it is frankly futile to hope even that a girl will turn her interest and energy into two new aspects of life at one and the same time. Besides it must not be forgotten that with girls, nature's new aspect is essentially a passive aspect. It does not bring with it, as it brings to the boy, a new desire for activity, a fresh incentive to self-assertion, an almost bellicose attitude towards

worlds which have to be conquered. On the contrary the girl feels, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less truly, that her world is conquered, that she has already come into her kingdom.

Yet this is the very time in which according to our present educational system she is returned, without a single acquired habit of manual industry on her parents' hands. Probably they cannot afford to support another useless mouth, and it is scarcely to be expected when for eight years a girl has been taught to set schooling before any duty towards her family, that she is likely to take up the burden of distasteful domesticity except under compulsion. Thus the nestling is shoved out of the parental nest at the earliest opportunity and becomes as it were independent at an age when she needs steady support. If she has developed early, she has probably during her last two years at school learnt to lark with the lads and gang with the girls; in which cases she naturally refuses to be dull and goes off, to varying occupations it is true, yet inevitably to join the ever-increasing army of young women who spend all they earn on their dress, and whose sole idea of amusement is a young man. Does this sound extravagant condemnation? Let me defend myself by an anecdote due to this self-same School Board case. Speaking to my girls of my regret at the prosecution and my desire that they should all be scholars enough to read any and every book with comprehension I asked the brightest of the bunch what she would, in that case, care most to read about. "Please'm" she said with a giggle "True lovers".

It was impossible to avoid a smile, and yet it makes, does it not, for perturbed thought, especially when one finds, as I certainly have found of late years, that the only apparent use to which those girls, at any rate, who become domestic servants put their Board School education is the writing of love-letters, the reading of penny novelettes? My library, free to all, remains untouched; but rough copies of love-letters litter the pantry, some of them such as this, "Here I am, sweetheart, neglecting my silver to write to you", being quite up to sample of the only literature to which eight years of enforced education have opened the eyes of the writers. Now the responsibility for this state of affairs rests no doubt largely with Nature. Girls will read about true lovers and glory in neglecting their duty in order to write love letters till the end of time, unless by some miracle we women learn that what we call nature is not natural at all, but the result of a departure from the laws of Nature as exemplified by other animal life. But surely the fact that physiologically and psychically the development of girls does not coincide in period with that of boys, and that in essence it is of an absolutely different nature, might well make educationists pause before applying the like laws to both sexes. My own experience, which is somewhat large, points conclusively to the immense advantage of making a girl familiar with the round of trivial domestic duties which, say what we women like, always has formed and always will form a large portion of our world-work, before the disturbing element of a true lover comes to warp her judgment, and make her believe in Paradise! If such familiarity does nothing else, it will at least make her realise that even a true lover involves domesticity! But it does more. The reason why is beyond my scope here, yet I assert roundly that the efficacy of domestic drudgery as a sound solid ballast in those first dangerous years of a girl's growth into womanhood cannot be overrated.

Under our present system, nevertheless, girls have no possible chance of possessing this, for the so-called technical education of schools is a sham. What possible good is to be gained by two hours a week of needlework, not practical needlework either which acknowledges the invention of sewing machines, but microscopical back stitching, obsolete seaming and fine laborious darning which is put out of court by the cheapness of stockings? No good save the gaining by the school of a Government grant for the making of a chemise or a shirt which might have been compassed in a week but which took a whole year to fashion. Such sewing classes teach little but laziness. So with the cookery classes. They are technical play, not technical work. They will never teach the lesson we

want to teach—that there is pleasure in the drudgery of manual labour, and that there must be drudgery in its pleasure. They are—beyond the fact that the dressing of a dish or two may be learnt—of no more educative value as a rule than the cooking of a doll's dinner. And this it seems to me is inevitable. You cannot give technical training in an artificial environment. It must be given in the same surroundings in which the future work has to be done. The failure to recognise this fact is the cause of failure in many large training institutions. Let us suppose one containing sixty girls. Briefly there would not be work enough in such an establishment to teach what work means to twenty of them, even if no extraneous help were given, which is generally not the case.

The outcome of this being, it seems to me, that if we desire the women of the future to enjoy, as the woman of the past did, the dignity of drudgery whose end is the formation of a home, we cannot afford to delay their technical training, as we do now, until the time which Nature has claimed for another sort of education.

F. A. STEEL.

THE TOWN AMONG THE HILLS.

EVEN among the houses, where the timbered front of the "Crown" leans towards the Market House with its arcade of six squat pillars and its bell-tower cupola, to narrow the patch of sky over the Market Square, the presence of the hill country that lies round about the little town is not to be ignored. The streets themselves bear a character unknown to cities of the plain: walls and roofs are mainly of that clean hard grey which a rainy heaven works upon unhewn cragstone, and which the rebellious gaiety of the native relieves with coats of whitewash; the air has a tang of its own, recognisable even in the closest lanes, something that suggests peat and bracken under the streaming mist. Below the ancient bridge, high crowned, with small pointed arches and sharp cutwaters upstream, the river runs swift and clear between wide pebble beaches, greenish in its deeper holes. And here and there, in the gap of a yard-entry or lane's end among the houses, are to be seen glimpses of the hills themselves. Though the gable of the inn with its fine Tudor barge-board and its half-obliterated legend concerning Post Horses, or the grim pinnacles of the New Connexion chapel overpower the strip of blue distance or dark moorland which they disclose; yet even there, shut in by eaves and chimneys, though full market day hum across the cobblestones of the Square, the man who cares at all for hills feels the power of the encircling heights and knows that there is to be found, not far away, a truer perspective of the scale of things.

Another perspective, at least, he will find if he crosses the bridge and after a few steep turns of the road, strikes up a heathy brow towards the uplands. Half a mile away and a thousand feet up, he looks down on the cluster of roofs in the green level at the head of the valley, a handsbreadth of white and grey houses and enclosures, petty as a child's toy; the market, the cross streets, the road that winds down the vale shrunk to the precise insignificance of a map. But the hill-country, as seen from this height, assumes an importance out of proportion to the belittling of the foreground. It is, accurately, a hill-country; not one of the tops in all the tract of ridge over ridge, whale-backed or straight-edged, makes any pretence to mountain form. The waste of blunt crests and shallow dales rises to no master-peak; east, north and west stretches the confusion of heights which, beyond the nearest or the second rank, not even the shepherds on the hill-farms can name, doubtful Caers and Bryns, lost in a distance where no more famous outline of Cader or Plynlimmon affords the traveller a landmark. The view is not without signs of men's handiwork; the slopes which enclose the valley are squared out from foot to crest with hedge-rows and stone walls, or are clad in capes of dense oak or larch; the climbing road shows an elbow here and there as it twists among the spurs; a furzy down is seamed by the dyke which Offa drew along his marches; on the next rise are the grave-mounds of still older kings. And yet, whether it be that there is

enough pathless heather, sufficient scope of barren ridge and desolate hollow to outweigh the traces of man, or whether the signs of life in field and hillside are nearer akin to the wild than to the house-place in the valley; it is certain that the main impression from the prospect is one of contrast between the town and the country, between the little cluster of roofs and the folds of the hills among which it lies, between the works of men and the sabbath of the natural earth. The town, laid out in plan at one's feet, presents clearly enough all the significance of its thousand years of history. The stump of the castle-keep on its knoll above a loop of the river, the church tower, hardly less massive a fortress, both tell of shelter in the forays of border war, both show the traditional dints of Cromwell's cannon-bullets. The bridge (which must have been one of Glendower's sally-ports out of his Welsh fastnesses) and the Georgian market-house, show the continuity of civic charge; the grey gateway and quadrangle of the almshouse amongst the trees, the gables of a little grammar school declare the benefactions of old lords of the soil. But the place has, for one who knows something of what the grey roofs cover, less reverend features than these. There, in Chequers Court, stands the common lodging-house, the harbourage for the army of tramps which to-day, as in ten centuries past, straggles up or down the Roman road, passing through on their endless pilgrimage, leaving now and again for their reckoning the plagues they carry, once, perhaps, the Black Death, nowadays the fever which has just got hold in three tenements in the court. There is the well-house, the secular spring of the township, condemned as contaminated and closed last year; and there beneath their dingy signs are the three other perennial founts, one of which at least distils a poison of visible activity. And there are the back-rows of cottages, an easy commune of midden and sty and unfenced yard, whose virtue has little more latch than its gates; and there, just beyond the end of the street, in a little grove of poplars, the peaceful smoke rises from a hearth whose Thyeatean legend is commonplace in the last year's doorstep gossip.

And if one look from the town to the suburb fields, the farmhouses which, each with its aspen clump and its long hay-barns, mark the cultivated valley, there is a spirit in the scene which turns all to a sense of fault and failure. The abandoned sheaves, sunk and rotting into the green stubble, the bare orchards, are but the chances of a disastrous year; but they add their impression none the less to the meaning of the ill-hedged pastures scarcely disputed with the waste, and one long hillside raw from too necessitous a felling of old woods. Once more from these works of men, and from the little hold of sordid lives down below, the mind, impatient for the moment of obvious counter-pleas, turns away to the hills, the great distances of ranked cloud and trailing light, the sense of vast silent processes and profound intent. More than all does the prospect enforce the contrast of town and country if the spectator shall have prolonged his meditation on the height until twilight, thickening across the valley mists, begins to blot out all the detail of hedge and field and confuses the nearer slopes with the wild, as it confuses the farthest ranges with the last of the sunset, cloud-islands and promontories upon bays and inlets of yellow-green sky, with Venus glittering down from bar to bar towards the dark edge of the world.

Below in the town, as the roofs fade into a shadowy confusion through the evening reek, points of light kindle one after another, a line of lamps along the crook of the main street, and the constellation which denotes the Market Square. And looking from these lower stars to the hills darkening beneath the solitary planet, one knows that the little burg is of the same order as the hugest city that ever affronted the night with its "leagues of lights And the roaring of the wheels"; its temper is the temper of getting together close-shouldered in fold or hive, out of the dreadful wilderness. And the ridged moorland stands for all the untamed earth, the world where wind and water are clean, where the day shines and the dark is still, the wilderness out of which men escape for their lives into their companionable strongholds of smoke and noise, compelling with them in their flight the few

who look behind, who are for halting on the last ridge before they drop down to the clustered lights in the valley, who, long after they have become grave citizens of the doleful city, sometimes ramble out beyond the bounds, perhaps in an autumn twilight climb the first slope above the lowlands and look again over the hill-country, hearing a half-forgotten music from its inmost recesses, the pipe once

Avia per nemora ac silvas saltusque reperta
Per loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia,

and remembering, as in those glimpses which seem to come to us from a former life, the large air and freedom, the stillness, the space for mystery, all the peculiar graces of an ampler world.

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND IDLE PRENTICES.

Exhibition of Drawings by Sir E. J. Poynter at the Fine Art Society's Gallery.

Exhibition of Etchings by James McNeill Whistler at Messrs. Obach's and at Messrs. Brown and Phillips.

IN Hogarth's moral tale it will be remembered that the Industrious Prentice "by taking good courses, and pursuing those points for which he was put apprentice, becomes a valuable man, and an ornament to his country"; whereas Thomas Idle, following his own devices, incurs the censure of all the solid ornaments of his country and ends very ill indeed. His industrious shopmate, arrived at the highest official position possible to a prentice, has the melancholy satisfaction of hanging his old comrade.

In Bond Street are now being exhibited the progresses of two other fellow-prentices, who began their career together fifty years ago under the same master in Paris, Charles Gleyre. One of them, by taking good courses and pursuing those points for which he was put apprentice, has become a valuable man and an ornament to his country. His capacity for office is so notable that his country does not despair of yet seeing him Speaker of the House of Commons, Lord Chief Justice, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Mayor of London. The conduct and fortunes of the other were so different that he went to the grave unburdened by office, unmarked, unstigmatised by such honours as our country gives to his art. In the last act the parallel breaks down, for this prentice strangely enough escaped the attentions of the Juries and Hanging Committees over which his studio comrade presides.

I suppose that of all pupils who went through the severe training of the French schools in those days Edward Poynter must have been one of the best and most amenable. One imagines him diligent in attendance, faultless in discipline, eager and painstaking in following the instruction given. That instruction had a splendid foundation and a severe and fine ideal of its own, the academic ideal which has never taken root in our English schools. The redoubtable Ingres, the genius who had restored the pure type of it and ruled the schools with a rod of iron, had still ten years of life before him. Charles Gleyre was one of his most faithful pupils, never, we are told, setting a line on canvas till he had assured himself what Raphael had done in the like case. Yet in him already the battle was lost, the line broken. The painter of "Illusions Perdues" had not the ethos of Olympian art; he was an imprisoned, a neutralised romantic; and the men of real genius, like Degas, who issued from this severe schooling, were to turn its sternly-disciplined drawing to other purposes than its master would have approved. But for the moment the chances of the academic line must have seemed not unfavourable. Youths like Elie Delaunay were growing up with graceful talent of the scholastic order, and to a schoolmaster's eye the young Englishman must have seemed a hopeful recruit, capable, corrigible, and sage. Certain it is that some of the early drawings shown in Bond Street speak of an excellent schooling, prove that the pupil had been drilled in the impersonal part of his business, and knew more of the logic of construction in the human figure than has been common with English painters. He would have won

drawing prizes over the heads of Reynolds and Gainsborough.

Of Whistler, on the other hand, one doubts whether the master would have given so good an account. At least there is little trace in his work of his having profited by the schooling. To the end of his life his ideas about the construction of a figure must have been of the vaguest, and his power of setting one up a priori, without a model, very small. Even with the model before him, drawing and modelling must have been a hand-to-mouth proceeding, full of doubtful steps, of danger and difficulty at every turn. At times, by intense application, he wrought out form precisely; but his art, on this side, was, for the most part, an art of evasion. His construction was the minimum that would reasonably convey his vision, the first, or the tenth, or the hundredth of desperate shots.

Do I seem to my readers to be cheering the progress of the Industrious Prentice and handing over Thomas Idle with approval to the police of art? Wait a moment. We must come to some agreement first as to the "points for which he was put apprentice". It would have upset Hogarth's simple plan to display the Industrious Prentice as the winner of worldly success because he was without any important aim in his work, but possessed only the secondary virtue of amenableness; and on the other hand to display the "Idle" and refractory prentice as a failure at school and in worldly success because, like some other truants, he had to be about another business, was pursuing a higher trade, other "points". It is clear that Whistler supposed himself apprenticed to the trade of beauty; for whatever else we say of his works it is evident that from first to last they have no other motive than a certain beauty and interest he found in visible appearances. Like almost all the great artists of the century he found this inner vision and call of his in violent conflict with what the schoolmasters wished to drill him to do; or at least, let us say, he saw no connexion between that and this, and felt instinctively that the schoolmaster, if he could, would destroy the beauty stirring within him, before its birth. The conceiver of a shy new art is suspicious and secretive, and regards the tyrants of the schools as very Herods. In Sir Edward Poynter's case there was no occasion of conflict, for in the light of his after-work one cannot discover that he had any inner call or aim beyond doing, as well as he could, what he was told. He was therefore a praiseworthy pupil, a good thing in itself, but no guarantee of excellence beyond the schools. It is well known that women are almost invariably good pupils in schools of art. While they are under the immediate influence of teaching they take on, in the most remarkable way, the characteristics of the teacher. But the majority of them, the moment they lose this influence and support, are at the mercy of chance suggestion, never find a character in art of their own and forfeit what they seemed to have. I do not wish to exaggerate what happened in Sir Edward Poynter's case. It is possible that if he had issued into a world more congenial to the atmosphere of his schooling we might have had a production continued on the creditable level of the frescoes at S. Peter's Dulwich. But the air was unfavourable and there was no deepness of earth. So the seed withered away, the schooling slipped off from the good pupil when he stood alone, and left him without guiding impulse, the prey of the little popular sentiments about him and his own defective taste, which more and more took the lead. The schooling made its last effort in compositions like "Atalanta's Race"; the fire of a quite different impulse warmed him to one or two Preraphaelite designs; but when we find him alone he is without chart or compass in the arid desert of the little topographical landscapes, or lucklessly plodding with all his fine school baggage after the ideals of the "Sunday at Home". Need I press the analysis further? By rapid stages, as the personal side develops, the art becomes more and more frivolous. The little coquettish point of the "Visit to Æsculapius" is still tempered by something of the pupil's awe, because he goes to seek it in a scene of Greek religion. But the designer of the "Queen of Sheba" might never have seen a good picture, so common is its taste, and from the draughtsman of the "Storm-nymphs" the style of the early studies has finally slipped away.

With the Idle Prentice it was different. The moment the school threshold was passed he was the ardent pursuer of a secret clue. I have used the most colourless term I could find, or even a hostile-coloured term, in speaking of his "shots" at the expression of form. But to make shots a man must at least have a target and an aim, and this man's aim was always a beauty seen and understood. The school furnished to the other pupil exact rifle drill, a fine mechanism in the rifle, a *tenue*, and all went well when the rifle was sighted and laid at some dummy of the real game. Outside the school he had no notion what to shoot at. The truant skipped his drill, but had an eye no man could turn aside or miscommand for where the quarry of his spirit lay. Seldom did he draw or paint but we feel that beauty was fluttering and beating under his hands. He may get no more than the suggestion of the presence, or he may press nearer till the vision is triumphantly clasped, but always it is there, inventing the means of its expression and refusing to use any of them till the means, also, are made a part of beauty. And because he has no procedure except by immediate vision of beauty the artist often gropes and touches and lets go. It is so difficult for him to draw a hand or a foot beautifully enough that he is tempted to leave it as a wisp or a delicate fumble. He could not perhaps, if he would, set up two figures in a relation of designed action to one another, so limited is his impersonal command of the science of drawing. The world is always threatening to leave nothing in his hands more definite than a blur of tone or a sprinkle of delicate scratches. But his touch upon the world, light or strenuous, infallibly moves us with delight.

Therefore, while in the world of successful men of business Sir Edward Poynter sits heavily upon English art, guarding its collections against the truant followers and favoured companions of beauty, and presides over an Academy from which academical ideals have been completely banished; in the kingdom of art the tale of the prentices is otherwise related, and he who was counted an idler already crowned.

D. S. MACCOLL.

A GENERATION OF MUSIC IN LONDON.*

WE all write our Reminiscences nowadays; and the sooner we commence the better. What, indeed, is the use of waiting until our faculties have lost their keenness, until our memories are hopelessly muddled, and in our royal hodge-podge we mix tales of Wagner, Liszt, Beethoven, Bach and a score of other notabilities we never met? Why wait until we have convinced our withered selves that we were the guides, philosophers and friends of such people? Let us hasten: mumbling old age is upon us: ere the vividness of our real recollections is faded let us rather talk of Jane Smith, whom we knew—if nobody else did—than of Patti, known to all the world and Craig-y-Nos, of Macfarren and Dr. Wilde than of Wagner. I am firmly set in the belief that memoirs should contain a little truth—unless (at the age of thirty or thereabouts) we are prepared to write "The Story of a Long Musical Life", which would contain an intelligent anticipation of events as they ought to work out during the next forty years. To do this might prove useful, at any rate to ourselves; for though thirty or forty years do not occupy a large space in the history of the world, we might learn ere, like Mr. Toots, we descend into the silent tomb, that a great many things, expected and unexpected, may happen in it, but chiefly unexpected. Anyone who had ventured on the exploit or experiment in the 'seventies of last century and retired to a cave in the desert would be vastly surprised if he were presented with Mr. Hermann Klein's book. Since the 'seventies many things have certainly happened; but perhaps what is most significant is that some things have not happened; but at least one has not happened. Let us see.

Mr. Klein's book contains many, many portraits, in-

cluding a full-page portrait of Mr. Hermann Klein. Here are the portraits in little of most, if not all, the personages who played their part in the various operas, concerts, incidents, events, catastrophes, which constitute the London musical life of the past thirty years. A glance at the gallery shows musical life to have been lived mainly by foreigners. Apparently as many as could stop here did so: the rest came (and come to-day) as often as possible. London reminds me of the patent bee-hive of which somebody told me: the bees could go in but could not get out again; so instead of wasting their time flying about they stayed at home all day making honey. Or, to vary the image, many of the foreigners got to London and there stuck, like a fly in a glue-pot. But whether as hapless flies or as hard-working bees they stayed here in as many cases as possible; and they dominated us, ruled us with a rod of iron. Since Handel's day in music the foreigner has been our lord; as a parasite he has lived on us and eaten us up and made us jump when he was disposed to be disagreeable. He was the pet tenor at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's; he composed operas and oratorios for us and conducted them; he directed such orchestral concerts as London had. First Handel and Dr. Pepusch, then Haydn, then Spohr, then Mendelssohn, Sir Julius Benedict, Costa and a host of the small forgotten; then in later times Gounod and after him Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini. The lives of these three last were brief: the air was ceasing to suit the foreign health; and Perosi was never given a chance, for, as all the world knows, at the very moment when we ought all to have been running to book seats for a Perosi festival the dear gentleman became unwell or the Pope ordered him to do something.

Of all these foreigners, as well as of the comparatively few English who were permitted to meddle with music, Mr. Klein gives a very fair account. If butter is a little too freely distributed, what can one expect in a volume of the sort? Mr. Klein did not settle down to write it merely to find himself pursued, a little while later, by infuriated prima donnas with parasols. We do not expect criticism, and we do not get it. It would be out of place. Here is simply a record, written with a smile, of the musical doings of London during one generation. Even I, not in the least interested in the interpretative artists of a bygone day, will keep the book by me as useful to refer to and not unpleasant to read. Those who live in the past, who think and speak of the palmy days of Italian opera, will revel in it. Heavens! how many dozens of prima donnas and tenors led a royal life, and had London at their feet, and thought themselves secure of immortality—and to me, who am no youngster, they are often mere names, and sometimes names met for the first time. They are utterly forgotten; and their fame has been carted away by the dustman. So in many a village inn the local oracle lays down the law, and dies, trusting to be remembered, and is buried; and in a few years his reputation is gone to dust like his body and no man thinks of him; and a new oracle speaks. The number of operas, and of oratorios and oratorio singers, that have come and gone in a short period is appalling. The activity must have been enormous; and now there is next to nothing to show for it.

These celebrities of the passing generation are by no means all dead. Many of them, in fact, still remain with us as living nuisances. Many are still making their positively last appearances. Many have retired into an obscurity blacker than the refuge Mother Nature affords her tired sons and daughters at the last. Some delight us yet. Whether or not they believe they will be for ever remembered they flutter in the brief sunlight like butterflies; and like butterflies they live in the actual moment. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, said the Preacher; but the Preacher looked behind and before and did not see the past as a fruitful land nor see in the present any promise for the future. Your merry Italian or French singer has his day and passes: he has not the ever-present sense of his few years of life as a tiny drop in the vast ocean of time. How little, I have said, do these wonderful celebrities leave behind. The old Italian opera has vanished: the very word Italian is now omitted from the Covent Garden posters; the Sacred Harmonic

* "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London." By Hermann Klein. London: Heinemann. 1903.

Society is defunct; the Philharmonic Circus is supported by the obsolescent generation. Goodness only knows what that comparatively modern institution the Albert Hall, or Royal, Choral Society does—"The Messiah", "Elijah", and occasionally an unimportant new thing, I suppose—but no one regards it as seriously artistic in its intentions. The Pops. are no longer crowded as they were a few years since. After all the bustle and splashing of the older days there seems to be so little left. "Thirty years of musical life", and how little to show for it—not one great work, only a few fading memories, a long list of the utterly forgotten. When some twenty years hence someone writes his thirty years of musical life the story may be more encouraging; for it is only within the last ten years that there has been any musical life worth speaking of. Wagner, Wagnerites and Wagnerism came in as a flood upon us, carrying away the ancient landmarks and drowning many an established reputation. Perhaps the thing was commenced by Richter and August Manns and Sir George Grove; but how formidable the new force was we only realised ten years ago. Mr. Newman about then started at Queen's Hall and gradually built up those series of orchestral concerts which are the principal feature in London music. The Philharmonic with its threadbare programmes was at once eclipsed; the public immediately showed that it preferred orchestral to chamber-music concerts; instead of scanty attendances at the performances of old-fashioned oratorios crowds rushed to hear Wagner and Tchaikowsky. The standard of orchestral execution was immensely raised, and this had its effect upon opera. Covent Garden's slipshod band under incompetent Italian conductors no longer satisfied us. At first foreign orchestras were imported; then a serious effort was made to get a good permanent orchestra, and the effort might even now be successful if only the Covent Garden direction understood that the best band in the world needs rehearsals.

This change is a much more important matter than petty details about famous prima donnas. Whenever did prima donnas do anything for music? Some years ago Madame Patti was decorated, by somebody whose name I have forgotten, at a Philharmonic concert for her "services to music". There was a bust of Beethoven in front of the platform, and one critic saw it wink. I thought of a prize horse getting a blue ribbon tied to it at an agricultural show. The people who have rendered any real services to music are men such as Grove, Manns, Richter, Newman and, it ought to be mentioned, Dolmetsch. We have now orchestral concerts all the year round, whereas not so long ago weeks—nay months—passed without one. Anyone with a diseased craving for music need never go unsatisfied. We have thousands of concerts of every description; we can hear all the newest stuff as it is written and plenty of the old; we hear the finest Continental conductors and singers in serious music—not, as in former times, in silly Italian twaddle; we have got in Henry J. Wood a conductor of our own. If most of Mr. Klein's thirty years did nothing, lately much has been done. One thing has been left undone. That thing is the one significant thing I have referred to. We seem as far off as ever from getting a permanent opera. An institution which is enjoyed by all small German, French and Belgian towns is too expensive for London. Next year Mr. Manns' scheme will be put to the test, but that will not be a National opera. A National opera is what we require; and our composers will waste their time on oratorios, cantatas and musical comedies until we get it.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

THE OLDER AND BETTER MUSIC HALL.

"AN octogenarian in the hunting-field" is the title of annual paragraphs in the daily press. Annually one reflects that "an octogenarian in bed" were better news. One may be wrong. There are men incapable even of growing old—men so insignificant that Time overlooks them. Let such men pursue foxes even to the brinks of their own graves. As with

the body, so with the mind. There are they who never cease to be intellectually receptive. A new idea, or a new movement, appears in their senile course, and lightly they "take" it, undaunted by the five bars or so, and gallop on. One admires them as showy exceptions to the law of nature. But one knows that they could not be so receptive if in their youth and prime they had ever deeply understood, or felt strongly, anything. They are shallow, and they are cynics, these genial old souls. What shall be said of those others who, having long ago exhausted their curiosity and keenness, do yet, in sheer vanity, pretend themselves keen and curious? How graceless an old is theirs! See them riding to the meet, laced and stayed to a semblance of jauntness! See them furtively leading their horses through the gaps, and piping, at last, a husky "view holloa" over the fallen fox! (Any reader who is also a sportsman will amend my metaphor if it is wrong.) Such impostors deserve no mercy from us. To us the prejudices of old are sacred, and should be yet more sacred to their holders. I, for one, in the fulness of time, shall make no secret of them. I am too closely in touch with things now, too glad and eager, to be elastic in the dim future, and as for pretending to be elastic . . . no! I look forward to a crabbed and crusty old age. I mean to be a scourge of striplings.

The history of a keen soul in relation to a live art falls usually into three parts: (1) The soul lives in the future, the art lagging behind. (2) The soul lives in the present, the art having caught it up. (3) The soul lives in the past, left behind by the art. My soul, in relation to dramatic art, is still in its first stage. (Or rather, dramatic art, in relation to my soul, is still in its first stage. For the soul itself is always static.) So far as the theatre is concerned, I am still a beckoner, a "progressive". But in the matter of music halls, I am already a staunch, even a passionate, reactionary—not a beckoner, but a tugger-back. There never was a time when the music halls lagged behind my soul. To me, as stripling, they seemed perfectly delightful. I dislike the fashion that now dominates not merely the specific "palaces of varieties" but also such places as the Pavilion, the Tivoli, and even that titular home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, the Oxford. The stripling reader tries politely to repress a sneer. Let him sneer outright. I can justify my prejudice. I may be old-fashioned, but I am right. The music-hall entertainment ought to be stupid, as surely as the drama ought to be intelligent. In every human creature is a mixture of stupidity and cleverness, and for both qualities we need nutrition. How can we satisfy our cleverness in a music hall? What comes to us but a sense of confusion and fatigue from the fashionable gallimaufry of clever poodles, clever conjurers, clever acrobats, clever cinematographs, clever singers and clever elephants? No good can be done to the intellect where no mental effort can be sustained and concentrated. A music hall, by its inherent nature precludes such good. On the other hand, it can appeal very pleasantly to the stupid, or sensuous, side of us. It did this in the good old days, when there was an unbroken succession of singers, alternate males and females, each singing a couple of songs written and composed in accord to certain traditional conventions. We did not come away wiser and better men; but an inward unity in the entertainment had formed for us a mood. All those so similar songs were merged into our senses, pleasing and amusing, subtly sedative, warm. That old lilt in the veins of us—how bitterly we miss it! Even such songs as are still sandwiched in at the modish halls have lost all their charm. Patter leaves but a corner to tune. Like many other men of original genius, Mr. Dan Leno broke the form provided for his expression. We gladly barter tune for a full sense of so delightful a personality and so accomplished an actor as Mr. Dan Leno. But the others, the imitators, do not make good our loss. Clever they are, more or less, but we—who are not of a generation that knows no better—would gladly sacrifice their cleverness in return for straightforward tunes.

Can we anywhere recapture the olden pleasure? Indeed, yes. I have found a place. Let me guide you to it. Half-way up the Edgware Road we come to a

very signally illuminated building. Nothing could seem more brand-new than the front of this Metropolitan Music Hall; but enter, and you will be transported, deliciously, into the past. The system of ventilation is quite perfect, yet the atmosphere is the atmosphere of a decade since. Look, listen!

"If you don't trouble trouble
Trouble doesn't trouble you,
So don't—you—worry over me!"

Is it—no—yes—it must be—it is Mr. Harry Freeman. That simple, jolly, straightforward singer, dancing as he sings—how long is it since we saw him? We tremble lest he have truckled to changing fashion. Not he! No patter: just a short, sharp phrase uttered through the music between the chorus and the next verse—no more. A thousand memories sweep back to us from that beaming face under the grey bowler hat. That face radiates the whole golden past, and yet, oddly enough, seems not a day older than when last we looked on it. We—we have changed. Our taste, however, is as of yore, and we always did delight in Mr. Harry Freeman. We beat time to his familiar music. We sit again at his ever-moving feet. He always was a philosopher, in his way. He was always a Stoic. A Stoic he remains. As of yore, he is overwhelmed with misfortune. Fate still smites him hip and thigh. He has just been robbed by one man and knocked down by another. His home has been broken up. He has been recently in prison. But

"If you don't trouble trouble
Trouble doesn't trouble you",

and no sympathy is craved by this joyous dancer. The attitude has a more than personal significance. Not long ago, Mr. Arthur Symons wrote an essay about the very thoroughfare whose inhabitants Mr. Freeman is now delighting. He suggested that the dominant characteristic of these inhabitants was a dull acquiescence in the sordidness of their lives. Acquiescent they are, but not dully so. Mr. Symons, very naturally, cannot imagine a man leading with pleasure their kind of life. They who have to lead it, however, take it as a matter of course, and are quite cheerful about it. They are, in fact, Stoics. This is one of the advantages of the old music hall over the new: it does reflect, in however grotesque a way, the characters of the class to which it consciously appeals. And so, after all, accidentally, one gets from it a mental stimulus. . . . Who is this vast man in evening dress? A "Lion Comique"? Not quite that. But something contemporaneous: a "Basso Profondo". He urges us to tak' the high road; he himself is going to tak' the low road. Loch Lomon', in 1903! Delightful! . . . And here is a "Serio", with the true Serionian voice and method:

"Do not complain,
I'll single remain,
Of sweet hearts I want no other."

The gallery-boys take the chorus from her, and she sways silently from side to side in measure to the waltz, smiling the smile of triumph. Comes a "Burlesque Actress", dressed daringly. The diamonds flash, but the heart is in the right place, and the song is about someone whose

"Sweet face so glad
Brings smiles to the sad".

Comes a "Comedienne". She strikes a rather more modern note. There is, according to her, one, and only one, way of putting the War Office on a sound basis, and that is the instant instalment of Sir Redvers Buller. The audience unanimously endorses her scheme, and she is, no doubt, right; but we regret the introduction of any names that were not names to conjure with in our boyhood: they are anachronisms here. Mr. Harry Randall, with his patter, is another anachronism. Several other turns, admirable though they are, we could spare also, for that they interrupt in us the luxurious development of the true music-hall mood.

But, certainly, the Metropolitan is a great discovery. Let us go to it often, magically renewing our youth. And in those dreary other halls let us never more set foot.

MAX BEERBOHM.

SUNRISE ON THE ALETSCHE GLACIER, FACING THE WEISSHORN.

"It is good for us to be here."

UNWITNESSED, at the birth of every sun,
Here, in the mountain solitudes sublime,
Eternal power reveals itself through time,
And morn by morn the mighty works are done.
And here to-morrow on the lonely way
There may be signs and wonders, and the same
Transfiguration turn no heart to flame;—
Ah! well for me that I was here to-day.
I stood above the range of earthly care
And rested in the sanctuary lone,
Breathing the grace of sacramental air
From snowy courts around the great white throne,
And in the silent sunrise unaware
I passed into the Presence, and have known.

HUGH MACNAGHTEN.

THE CITY.

CONTRARY to almost universal expectation the directors of the Bank did not raise the Bank rate on Thursday. It would perhaps have been better for the markets if they had done so, for when everybody believes 5 per cent. to be inevitable the sooner it arrives the better. It may however be that the wisecracks are wrong in anticipating dear money. But that we have already arrived at a period of scarce money is only too patent. Of the £1,000,000 4 per cent. bonds which last week were offered by the Government of Cape Colony only £70,000 was taken by the public, the underwriters being landed with 30 per cent. of their obligations. As these bonds are very nearly as good as Consols the prospect of the latter is anything but bright. The truth is that all the big financiers in the City are still loaded up with the various war issues, which it will take them another six months to work off upon the public. The Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway is about to issue £500,000 third debentures bearing 5 per cent., which are already underwritten, and which are expected to go off well, as the line has earned £90,000 increased traffic receipts since 1 July. At any price under par, say at 99, we should consider these debentures as a good investment, both for the rate of interest and for an almost certain rise of two or three points in capital value. It is announced that Mr. J. W. Philipps M.P. the chairman of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific has joined the board of the Argentine Great Western Railway, so that all danger of friction between these adjoining systems is at an end. The wheat crop in the Argentine is fast approaching the period when it may be regarded as assured, but the maize crop must be matter of uncertainty for some time to come. In the meantime Rosario deferred stock has risen to 71, which, as the ordinary in front of it is only 84, is rather high. We repeat that unless anything untoward occurs both Rosario ordinary and Rosario deferred will get a dividend of 5 per cent. in the spring. As to Buenos Ayres and Pacific ordinary, at present it looks as if they might get a dividend of 6 or 7 per cent. in the coming year, and go to 130.

It was hardly to be expected that the shareholders of the Goldfields would take the passing of their dividend "lying down". It is well that the directors of this powerful corporation—which is not nearly so well managed as it used to be—should be reminded that there are such persons as ordinary shareholders. We are glad to learn from Lord Harris that the unrealised profits of the company's share investments have increased, on current market prices, since the date of the accounts. As to the labour question, it seems now to be practically settled that Chinese coolies will be on the Rand next January. The "baker and the

candlestick-maker" have been converted, and the report of the Commission will be practically unanimous. But this knowledge—what used to be called "the solution of the labour question"—has not had the least effect on the Kaffir market, which is as dead as Queen Anne. There is only one market more dismal and more deadly, namely, the Jungle. We are afraid that the prices to which West African mining shares were run up a couple of years ago is a striking example of the unscrupulousness of promoters and the gullibility of the public. West Australians have made a brave fight against the prevailing depression, but probably the dealings were in reality very few. In the American market the feature has been the collapse in the preferred and ordinary shares of the Steel Trust. The preferred stock (which has paid its 7 per cent. dividends up to now) has fallen to 53 and the ordinary to 10½. It is no wonder that Mr. Pierpont Morgan should be roughly handled by the press, though the idea of his retiring from business in order to devote himself to works of art is very amusing. How glad everybody will be when this wretched year is over! It is certainly to be wished that Mr. Chamberlain had delayed his fiscal campaign for a year or two, until the finances of the country had time to recover from the war. You cannot raise £220,000,000 to pay for a war without its being felt for a long time after. The fact that French and German and American banks took lines of our bonds makes the position insecure, for if for any reason they wanted to realise Consols would fall to 80. However it is more than likely that the croaker of to-day, as Lord Harris said, is just as wrong as the optimist of 1902. In the City the man with views is lost.

ROCK LIFE OFFICE VALUATION.

THE Rock Life Assurance Company started business in 1806 in the premises which it now occupies. It was founded as a proprietary company, and the total share capital, paid up in cash, was £100,000; to which £900,000 has been added out of profits. These additions made the share capital £1,000,000, and it was no easy matter to pay an adequate dividend upon such a sum out of the profits of the Life assurance business, without taking too large a share of the surplus from the participating policy-holders. Accordingly, about forty years ago, the Company obtained an Act of Parliament, enabling them to purchase shares out of the Life Assurance Fund, which now holds about half the share capital of the Company.

Whatever may have been the effect upon the policy-holders while the purchase of shares was in progress, there can be no doubt that the present policy-holders are in a much more favourable position than would have been the case if the capital belonging to the proprietors, as distinct from the Assurance Fund, had remained at £1,000,000. One practical benefit has been that the policy-holders now receive five-sixths of the surplus, instead of the four-sixths to which they were previously entitled: this additional one-sixth of the surplus comes to the Life Fund in virtue of its ownership of one half the capital, and the Life Fund receives interest upon its share of the capital, which is represented by first-class interest-bearing securities.

The Valuation Returns for the seven years ending with 1902 have been published recently. The liabilities have been valued by that one of the New British Offices Life tables in which the first five years of assurance are excluded from observation. The effect of this is that a heavier rate of mortality is provided for than would be the case if lives, which have recently passed medical examination, had been taken into account. Participating policies, comprising about 85 per cent. of the total assurances, have been valued at 3 per cent., and non-profit policies at 3½ per cent. This basis is appreciably more stringent than that adopted at the previous valuation, and involves an addition to the reserve, and, other things equal, an improvement in the bonus prospects for the future. The total surplus for the seven years was £389,000, of which the policy-holders receive £280,000, and £35,000 was retained as an investment reserve fund. We do not exactly under-

stand the system of bonus distribution adopted by the company, although for policies of longer duration than ten years it appears to be a reversionary addition at the rate of 30s. per cent. upon sums assured and previous bonuses for each annual premium paid during the valuation period. Formerly the Rock adopted the plan of giving a small bonus for each year that a policy had been in force from the commencement. Thus at the first declaration of bonus a policy-holder would receive six times the annual bonus; seven years later he would receive thirteen times the annual bonus; after another seven years his share would be twenty times the annual bonus, and so on. The result of this system was to produce very small bonuses at first, and exceptionally large returns later on. The new method is a considerable improvement, and works out in excellent fashion. The bonuses to policies of short duration are about double what they were seven years ago, while, thanks to the large bonus additions on policies of long duration, the bonuses on such policies are also larger than they were at the last valuation.

When the returns to the proprietors of the Rock are examined over a series of years it is seen that they have fared remarkably well, but their position has frequently been misunderstood. For some time they only received 5 per cent. upon their capital, their share of the surplus not being distributed. It was then determined to distribute a large part of these accumulated profits, with the result that for many years the annual payments to shareholders were exceptionally large: but this surplus available for distribution could not continue indefinitely, and the result is that the present payments to policy-holders are derived solely from interest upon the capital stock of approximately £1,000,000, and the share of surplus revealed by each valuation. There remains practically no surplus capital for distribution, since the sum of £900,000 which has been added from past profits, is retained as additional security for policy-holders, and for the purpose of yielding dividends from the interest upon it.

The facts we have quoted substantiate the well-known fact that the Rock is an extremely wealthy office: they also explain, what is not so generally recognised, that the very large payments to shareholders that were customary some years were to a great extent of a temporary nature consequent upon the distribution of previous accumulations. The figures also show that the present proprietors are receiving handsome returns, and that the participating policy-holders are assured not only of exceptional security but also of a good return upon the money paid in premiums. This is partly the result of owning half the capital stock, partly a consequence of the change in the bonus distribution system, and partly the result of substantial sources of surplus.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COAL EXPORTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norris Hill, Ashby-de-la-Zouche,
9 November, 1903.

SIR,—In his last letter Mr. Marten deals solely with coal exports and abandons facts for suppositions, ignoring any arguments in favour of fiscal reform, the need for which the yearly decline in our staple exports to foreign nations clearly demonstrates.

Indifference to the welfare of posterity means that we are to follow in the wake of past and gone nations that have run the career of increased transactions, credits, fictitious capital, &c., till they have arrived at a limit—namely Phœnicia, Carthage, Tyre, Venice, &c. For a time they displayed the indefinite capital in credit and its double in debts. The real property and money were unchanged—but enterprise begat general debt, and then for every debtor there must be a creditor, such a system is the temporary prosperity of nations and in parting with our coal to foreigners we are emulating their example. Mr. Marten tells us in a few centuries, discoveries and inventions may supersede coal for heat raising—but, assuming this to be possible, in face of the

ever-increasing demand for other purposes—such as gas aniline colours, &c., its utility and continuity as a national asset is nevertheless assured. No one can foretell what the future may have in store but is it safe to anticipate?—experience teaches the contrary.

The balance of trade is in favour of every country or the manufacturers and merchants must in time retire from it. If against England with A B and C it is in favour from D E F G H and so it is with all nations. It is with a nation as with an individual it is against him with his grocer, baker, &c., but in his favour with others—or he could not pay the grocer, baker, &c. The epoch of commercial profits and mercantile wealth in England was when nothing was exported but to order, or to meet known periodical demands. The scramble among needy exporters into foreign markets in face of restricted demands due to tariff walls must be ruinous to all concerned, and having arrived at the length of our tether in opening up new markets it is surely desirable that we should reform at once our now obsolete "free trade" policy and adopt one commensurate with the altered conditions before we lose our export and home trade, both of which in face of ever-increasing foreign encroachments are now in jeopardy.

Mr. Marten writes about coal mines and emigration, &c. If he will examine the figures he will find there is little need for apprehension. The home consumption and our own needs abroad under a protective policy would in the course of a few years make up any deficiency caused by prohibiting coal exports to foreigners.

I am, Sir, yours sincerely,
F. RUSSELL DONISTHORPE.

THE SITUATION IN PANAMA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Richmond Hill, 9 November, 1903.

SIR,—To those who have followed the course of recent events in Panama it must be apparent that, despite assertions to the contrary, the Government of Colombia, in rejecting the Canal treaty, were led by patriotic motives. That the territorial frontier of the United States should in time advance to the Isthmus is, in the opinion of those best competent to judge, but the natural result of the conditions the Canal will give rise to. If then Colombia can compel the construction of the Canal by way of Nicaragua, her dominions will lie beyond the threatened area, and her independence will be assured. This is no doubt the consideration that has weighed with her senators, and it cannot fail to have our sympathy.

But the situation has its bearing upon our own interests. The junction of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans that the Canal will affect will bring the coastlines of Canada within reach of one another hardly less than the coastlines of the United States, and the maintenance of communications by means of the Canal will be as much a vital matter for the one country as for the other. While the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty survived, Canada's interests were secured, for by its provisions the United States was precluded from exercising any exclusive control over the Canal and from occupying any part of Central America. By the new treaty, however, these restrictions are removed, and the United States has merely adopted certain rules as the basis of neutralisation, and has agreed that no change of sovereignty of the country traversed by the Canal shall affect such neutralisation.

While Panama remains independent and the United States has merely to exercise police jurisdiction over the Canal, Canada's prospects cannot be said to be seriously impaired. But if, as is to be feared, the revolutionaries invite the United States to exercise sovereign rights over Panama and she consents, will she not soon chafe under restraints upon the full enjoyment of her own territory, and will she not agitate for the abrogation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty as she has agitated for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty?

The effect upon Canada we can best understand if we take the case of France and imagine the Straits of Gibraltar a mere canal with Great Britain commanding it. With the United States in possession of Panama

and with the possibility of American expansion to its very boundaries, the United States will be in a position to control the junction of Canada's eastern and western seaports, and the Panama Canal will come to be what Captain Mahan designated Gibraltar, a "lion in the path" of her maritime communications.

I am yours obediently,
DOUGLAS M. GANE.

THE ALASKA AWARD AND CANADIAN FEELING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Toronto, Canada, 30 October, 1903.

SIR,—As your publication is one of the few English periodicals that have not fallen under the golden spell of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, I venture to write a few lines concerning Canadian feeling on the Alaska award.

There is no doubt that our usually placid country has been deeply stirred by the extraordinary concessions that have been made to the United States. In the first place, Messrs. Boot, Lodge and Turner had no right to be commissioners. The terms of the treaty called for "jurists of repute" and not the wildest Yankee fancy could attach such a phrase to any one of the three politicians who so ably served the Government at Washington. The Canadian protest passed unheeded, and England's amiability was once more very differently construed by her United States "allies".

Anyone who has read the history of the determination of Canadian boundaries can see in the Alaska award only a culmination in a series of surrenders. We were prepared for compromise—not for confiscation; we were ready for sacrifice—not for slaughter.

Canada has been and is loyal. She is farther than ever from the folly of annexation to the United States. But it would be easier for Canadians to yield their lives for England on African battlefields than to see the Motherland giving up what is hers and her children's for the sake of a phantom friendship and an illusory entente.

We are neither hysterical nor peevish. We are still British to the core. Wherefore, we honour those two loyal Canadians—Aylesworth and Setté—who refused to put their names to a document that was a betrayal of their loved country.

Truly yours,
A CANADIAN BRITON.

THE ETON HARE-HUNT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wokingham, 11 November.

SIR,—May I be allowed to say a word in reference to the Eton beagling? Lord Ashburton represents humanitarians as objecting to the College hare-hunt because "a hare is sometimes caught and killed". Not quite so. They object also to the torture, occasionally covering a couple of hours, that goes before the kill. To put the matter briefly, we do not think it right, or in harmony with the spirit of the age, that this kind of sport should enter into the curriculum of school-boy recreation. What Eton boys may see and do when they are at home we do not say anything about, but school is, or ought to be, a place where noble ideals are kept before the minds of the young. Strict justice to all living beings, chivalry, and compassionate instincts, should be fostered. The hunting to death of defenceless hares is opposed to all this.

I have recently been in correspondence with leading persons in all parts of the country respecting these matters, and the result I trust to put before the public in a few days.

The communications, that have reached me, make it absolutely clear, that in supporting a hare-hunt Eton College is getting quite behind the general feeling of the community. Such an establishment should be in the van of progress, not be found in the rear. Many of the eminent persons I have corresponded with are the headmasters of public schools. I know their sentiments, though naturally they are averse from taking

any action, that might seem like lecturing the foremost scholastic institution in the land.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
J. STRATTON.

"PORT" AND "THOUGHT".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Whitby, Yorks, 31 October, 1903.

SIR,—Who is the great authority that lays down the rule that words should rhyme to the sight as well as the sound? I challenge such an one to name any great poet, who has written much in rhyme, in whose works there are not scores of rhymes, the spelling of which does not correspond with the sound.

Tennyson's "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" in its nine-eight-line verses has twelve such rhymes. His "Two Voices" consists of 154 three-line verses, and seventy-four of them contain one or more such rhymes.

Browning's "Porphyria's Lover" has twenty-two such rhymes and only fifteen that rhyme both to sight and sound.

So that if one is guilty of a solecism in making "breast" rhyme with "rest" or "break" with "sake" at any rate one errs in good company.

Yours, &c.
CHARLES BUCHANNAN.

"THE MAGAZINE OF ART" AND THE CHANTREY TRUSTEES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Office of "The Magazine of Art,"
La Belle Sauvage, E.C., 11 November, 1903.

SIR,—Mr. MacColl crudely charges a body of English gentlemen with intentional dishonesty and meanness—that they "have, with full knowledge, administered in their own interest the fund of which they are trustees"—and yet rebukes me for an "objectionable" suggestion, which I did not make. He flings unfounded charges of "disingenuousness" and the like, and crowns the achievement by dragging in the insolence of a third party, because, in the course of a controversy now past I hastened to express regret for a minor error into which I had been betrayed. Mr. MacColl, I fear, is not more magnanimous than just. I overlook his manner, however, for the sake of the subject.

As I have already repudiated the false suggestion, as Mr. MacColl well knows, of my having spoken with disrespect of the New English Art Club and its friends (of whom I have always counted myself one), I need say nothing save to protest against the misinterpretation of my words. I suggested no impropriety and no "undue partiality".

In the paragraph in which he seemingly seeks to convey the notion that there is really very little difference on the subject of painting between the Royal Academy and the New English Art Club, he mentions the names of five painters who contributed in so great a measure to the success of the last Royal Academy Exhibition. But it is just because one only (Mr. Furse) still remains of these five and the others have seceded and younger men have taken their place, that the character of the Club has greatly changed. Mr. MacColl blunders in saying that the Academy approves of the painting, but disapproves of the existence, of the Club. If any feeling at all exists I believe the opposite to be the case—that while scarcely approving of the present art-practice of the Club, the Academy does approve the institution, from whose members they have elected Messrs. Sargent, J. J. Shannon, La Thangue, Clausen, Stanhope Forbes, S. J. Solomon, Alfred Parsons, H. S. Tuke, and Arthur Hacker.

There is much to be said for Mr. MacColl's contention that it is not essential that purchases for the Chantrey Collection should be made from exhibitions at all. But something may be said on the other side, too; one reason among several would be the difficulty of obtaining "the finest" pictures owing to their having been absorbed into other collections; unless it is Mr.

MacColl's belief that the money should be spent mainly in the auction room or at the dealers'.

He asks if I can "assert that the Chantrey Trustees are in the habit of visiting the exhibitions of the Club", &c. Had he read with unbiassed attention what I have written he would be aware of my complaint that they do not. He says I combat only what the critics "refuse to press"—that Old Masters are eligible under the Will. I understood him to advance this theory, and this is the first time I have heard any suggestion that he has dropped it. When my article was written and "made-up"—the main portion of the "Magazine of Art" has to be sent to press several weeks before publication—there was no indication of backing down on this question in any quarter.

It seems clear that there are two meanings to be gathered from Chantrey's Will on the point of the exhibition of works purchased. Chantrey, it must be remembered, had provided that if the Royal Academy were dissolved, or disowned by the Sovereign, his bequest should revert to another society; and to "such other society" he thrice refers in close conjunction with the name of the Academy. When he says—"And I further declare my will to be that the President and Council of the Royal Academy, or such other society or association as aforesaid, do and shall . . . cause the same to be exhibited . . . in the annual exhibition of the Royal Academy, or in some other important public exhibition" &c., I regarded these last words as referring to the secondary society. On re-reading it, however, in the light of Mr. MacColl's contention, I think he is right. In accusing me of "disingenuousness" in dealing with the matter he seems to imply that I deliberately suppressed the concluding portion of the sentence. Need I say that the words appear in the Will as fully cited in the article, and that I omitted them later on only when I thought them redundant?

Yours faithfully,
M. H. SPIELMANN.

[I number, for convenience, the paragraphs of the above letter.

1. I am sorry that my crudeness offends the delicate feelings of Mr. Spielmann, but till the Trustees take oath that the artists I have enumerated were unworthy of the Chantrey Collection my charge stands. English gentlemen will do things on a committee they would not dream of doing singly.

2. The charge was not of disrespect, but of asserting what was contrary to fact viz. that the critics of the Trustees were mainly members and friends of the Club.

3. This is unintelligible. If the Academy disapproves of the practice of the Club, what possible reason can it have for approving of its existence? And since the "practice" of the Club is as various as the Academy's, how can the disparate styles that make up the Academy combine to disapprove of it? The Academy would as gladly detach the younger members of the Club as it has recruited itself from the older, if they gave it an opportunity.

4. I do not care whether works are bought at first or second hand, if only they come within the conditions of the Will.

5. Mr. Spielmann cannot have it both ways. If the Trustees do not visit the Club, (to his regret), by what right do they tell him that they condemn its "practice". The impertinence, in that case, becomes meaningless. As to the Old Masters, I advanced no "theory", but pointed out the fact that under the terms of the Will they are eligible. But from my first article onwards I accepted the date of Chantrey's Will as a reasonable backward limit.

6. The "redundant" words were clearly incapable of the construction Mr. Spielmann puts upon them, and only their omission made his argument possible. Even now his excuse is only made plausible by an omission after "some important public exhibition of fine arts" viz. "the same to be selected by such president and council, subject to such regulations as they shall think fit and proper"; which evidently could not apply to their own exhibition. He still omits the words that direct exhibition in the Academy the year *after* purchase. I cannot call this sort of quotation ingenuous.—D. S. MACCOLL.]

REVIEWS.

THACKERAY.

"William Makepeace Thackeray." By Charles Whibley. Blackwood. 1903. 2s. 6d.

"The Four Georges." By William Makepeace Thackeray. Introduction by George Meredith. Blackie. 1903. 2s. 6d.

PERHAPS if Mr. Meredith had taken as much trouble in writing about Thackeray as Mr. Whibley has, what he thought of Thackeray might have aroused more curiosity, though the presentation would probably not have been very different. But Mr. Meredith has not taken much trouble; and all he has to say of Thackeray in this introduction is said in fewer than a thousand words. There are indications in it however that he would admire Thackeray as a writer with less stint than does Mr. Whibley who seems, on the whole, to think it a better discipline for his readers to have their admiration put under some restraint. Mr. Meredith does not make any deductions from his generous tribute to the genius of Thackeray; but Mr. Whibley would be perfectly entitled to say that Mr. Meredith had not given himself space for that process, and the absence of strictures does not imply that Mr. Meredith would disagree with him in his estimate as to Thackeray's shortcomings as an artist. This is indeed the point which Mr. Whibley insists on most; yet we are inclined to think that though Mr. Meredith might admit the charge he would not let it worry him so much as it worries Mr. Whibley. After all the general effect of a book is a greater matter than its literary craftsmanship; and while Mr. Whibley exalts "Esmond" for this latter quality he does not do sufficient justice to Thackeray's other great novels which may have more literary defects and yet in spite of them are the greater favourites. To Mr. Meredith, we should think, "Vanity Fair" represents Thackeray's greatest, as to the ordinary reader it represents his most interesting work.

Speaking generally Mr. Whibley's most effective criticism is that Thackeray's greatest gift, the ironic presentation of character, was always made more or less ineffective by his obtrusion of a rather tedious and thin vein of commonplace moralising. "Barry Lyndon", for which the model was Fielding's "Jonathan Wild", was the work which exhibits Thackeray's irony at its best, where the ironic motive is most consistently observed, and the conventional moralising is reduced to the minimum. Mr. Meredith apologises for Thackeray's moralisings and he is too good-natured. He says, "There must be the moralist in the satirist, if satire is to strike. The stroke is weakened and art violated when he comes to the front. But he will always be pressing forward, and Thackeray restrained him as much as could be done, in the manner of a good-humoured constable". But we prefer to take Mr. Whibley's view on this matter; and he gives a good account of it by pointing out that by nature Thackeray was half cynic and half sentimentalist; and moreover that his sentimentality was a note of the period when he wrote, and was characteristic of the literature of the time. Realism and sentimentality incongruously jostled each other both in life and books; and writers and critics had not yet established the canon that human nature and society should be depicted objectively and dispassionately, and not as something to be angry with or to smirk over according as personal or class opinions and prejudices might supply the motive. It was an age of coarse caricature and of effects in art of all kinds produced by the most slapdash methods. Caricatures in picture, like caricatures in print, were vigorous but rude and deficient in taste. Hero and heroine, virtuous and vicious, were monsters of virtue or vice; and it was the fashion to be maudlin over their virtues and pompously wrathful over their exaggerated vices. It was the same with authors so widely different as Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, Dickens, Disraeli, Thackeray. The parts of Mr. Whibley's book that are most interesting are where he shows Thackeray caricaturing with as little restraint as any of his contemporaries. Thackeray burlesqued "Coningsby" with "Coddingsby", but

Mr. Whibley could doubtless defend the criticism that the Marquis of Steyne is "less a man than a bundle of vices and brutality"; and that Thackeray's presentation of actual people in "Vanity Fair" was as open to the censure he passed upon Disraeli as "Coningsby" itself. Disraeli had drawn the Marquis of Hertford as Lord Monmouth in "Coningsby" and his factotum Croker as Rigby. Thackeray did the same in "Vanity Fair" as Steyne and Wenham respectively. The Marquis of Steyne in "Pendennis" however seems to be overlooked by Mr. Whibley; he is there decidedly less crude than he is in "Vanity Fair".

It is very disputable whether Disraeli's portrait of Croker is a finer study than Thackeray's. Mr. Whibley speaks of the latter as conventional; but it is more likely to have been truer to life on that account than the savage and cruel presentment by Disraeli which bears on its face the exaggeration which ran naturally into caricature as well in the literature as in the politics of that period. Disraeli also was a caricaturist though he was neither a comic nor a humorous writer; except when he was ludicrously bombastic. One of the surprises of Mr. Whibley's treatment of Thackeray is the comparison or contrast he makes of him with Disraeli; and especially on the question of style it is not easy to agree with him; though there is much to be said for the view of Thackeray's style that while it is uniform, easy, and pure it leaves little impression on the mind more specific than that of gentlemanly ease. The comparison with Disraeli was perhaps made as a welcomed variation on the well-worn theme of Dickens' and Thackeray's respective characteristics. It seems decidedly better to drop both; but as Thackeray himself gave the example of placing himself in juxtaposition with Dickens it is worth noting that he said "one of Dickens' immense superiorities over me is the great fecundity of his imagination. Perhaps Bulwer is better than both of us in this quality: his last book written at fifty is fresher than anything he has ever done". But Mr. Whibley does not think much of Thackeray as a critic; and it appears to him that he admired the best of the second class in literature rather than the highest class of all. The fact that he thought Milton tedious, though given apparently as a crucial example, is not quite conclusive; nor that he thought more of Schiller than of Goethe. It is not uncommon both in literature and morals meliora probare, deteriora sequi: and when we say we care more for some author than for another we may mean only that he interests us more, not that we imagine him greater when measured according to the true Parnassian scale. Thackeray the sentimentalist judged from his heart; as he wrote with that organ and not with his head. But when the emotion was over he could judge calmly enough; and though he pleased himself and a sentimental public with a Colonel Newcome he was afterwards able to agree with Mr. Whibley, that the good old gentleman was a great twaddler.

Mr. Whibley takes us a long journey with Thackeray's characters: he dissects them in a very businesslike way; and while a good deal of it seems unnecessary we agree more or less promptly with most of what he has to say. The fact is all ordinarily educated men will be in agreement about most that can be said of Thackeray: if they remember what they have read equally well; and if they read him at about the same period of their lives. We venture to say that Mr. Whibley's opinion when he first read "Pendennis" was not what it is now but that it was his favourite; whereas his later judgment denies it that distinction. Every young man thinks for a long time "Pendennis" the finest book ever written; a more characteristic jeune homme sensuel moyen was never described, or one who went more directly to the heart of every young man in anything like Pendennis' rank in life. And when he grows older and has come to most of the conclusions Mr. Whibley has arrived at, "Pendennis" will remain his favourite—unless he gets a commission to write a biography of Thackeray for the better instruction of uncritical youth. Then doubtless he will ruthlessly expose this and other illusions as Mr. Whibley has done in the sacred cause of criticism.

A COMMENTARY ON COMMENTARIES.

"Caesar's Conquest of Gaul." By T. Rice Holmes. 21s. net.; "Caesar's Conquest of Gaul": being Part I. of the larger work on the same subject. By T. Rice Holmes. 6s. net. London: Macmillan. 1903.

TO the Roman statesman of sixty years before the Christian era a contemplation of the relations which had existed for many years past between his imperial race and the semi-civilised tribes of Trans-Alpine Gaul must have called forth reflections bitter to his pride of power. During the latter half of the previous century Rome had acquired a province stretching from the Rhone to the Pyrenees, while her relations with Massilia extended her sphere of influence to the foothills of the Western Alps. But that which had been won had been barely maintained and often imperilled, and was fringed with a land of disaster and defeat. Politically speaking the province was little more than a passage for the road from Italy to the Spanish possessions, a minor link in that chain of empire which was soon to surround the Mediterranean. It formed indeed a pied-à-terre for the Roman traders who exploited the commerce of the interior, and Narbo in the west commanded the great national highway which led from the Atlantic coast by way of the Garonne Valley to the Mediterranean, while Massilia was the outlet of the still more important trade route from the north down the valley of the Rhone. The Roman bagman was the precursor of the Roman soldier; but in this region it was long ere the legionary, all too well employed in internecine war at home, followed in his footsteps. And so Gaul might have remained for many years to come, had not the political necessities of the time forced the ablest man of this and many another day to seek for a field of activity, success in which might give him that reputation by which alone his ambition could be realised. It is difficult to regard the determination which took Caesar to Gaul as proceeding solely from patriotic motives: unless indeed we believe that even then he had a vision of a future wherein he should accomplish the salvation of the empire, and that he sought military aggrandisement as a means to that great ultimate end. Whatever his dreams of the future may have been, Caesar doubtless knew well that unless he looked to himself in the present he would have no future whereof to dream. So to Gaul he went, and conquered; and, perhaps in Gaul, wrote the Commentaries which so many schoolboys have read, and so few scholars have understood. It is a singular fact that in spite of the purity of the Latin and the attractiveness of the subject a really competent commentary on the narrative did not exist either in English or indeed in any other language until Mr. Rice Holmes published his work on Caesar's Conquest of Gaul. It is a book written by one who combines the qualities of a diligent inquirer with the practical experience of a military historian, and it is so infinitely in advance of all previous attempts to explain the inevitable difficulties of this narrative of two thousand years ago, that it may be said with truth that it is a necessary adjunct to the study of Caesar's Gallic War. The amount of new and at the same time valuable matter which is contained in the book is very large. Perhaps the most interesting chapter is that on the Ethnography of Ancient Gaul. The all-pervading Kelt of our school-days has been much restricted by the light of modern research. He is of the fair-haired ruling warrior race amid a larger dark-haired population. Nor are the dark-haired men of one type. The Ligurian of the south-east seems to have been distinct in cranial characteristics from the Iberian of the south-west. The more chequered later history of the north has not indeed obliterated the black-haired race, but has rendered its racial affinities less determinable. Not the least interesting part of the work is that which deals with the topography of the great events of the war, in which the identification of hitherto disputed sites is accomplished with satisfactory certainty.

CROMWELL'S TREPANNERS.

"Oliver Cromwell, H.H. the Lord Protector, and the Royalist Insurrection against his Government of March 1655: a Relation of the part taken therein by the Protector, of the way in which his subjects regarded him and the Insurrection, and of the causes and consequences thereof." By Sir Reginald F. D. Palgrave. London: Sampson Low. 1903. 4s. 6d. net.

SIR REGINALD PALGRAVE admires Cromwell, considering him "our true Protector, who devoted his life, and even sacrificed it, to protect England from anarchy and bloodshed". It can therefore be but a painful sense of duty which has impelled him to set forth the details of a disgraceful conspiracy, alone sufficient to condemn his hero at the bar of history, and it is impossible to impute prejudice to the author of these reluctant charges. The Royalist demonstration of March 1655 scarcely deserves to be called an insurrection, for it was devised without judgment or prudence, a mere flash in the pan, devoid of importance save as an illustration of the usurper's methods and a pretext for enlarging the tyranny of his officers. Nor does Sir Reginald imagine that he has made a discovery, for most of the facts in this essay are already well known to students of the period. But he deserves commendation for having made out a case, which is entirely convincing even amid the obscurity of his painfully clumsy style.

Briefly, the facts are these. Cromwell, like other despots, was in the habit of using provocative agents, then called "trepanners", to lure his adversaries into premature plots. Early in 1655, the Royalists, impoverished, without officers, almost without arms, had come to the "melancholic conclusion" that their only hope lay in the assistance of malcontents from Cromwell's army. That army had begun to resent the autocracy of the usurper, who was at any rate thought to be intriguing for a royal title, and when certain officers made advances to the King's agents, there seemed no reason for distrust. But all the while these officers were merely obeying Cromwell's orders to provoke an abortive rising. Lord Rochester and other Royalist leaders were permitted to land under the noses of the usurper's spies and harbour officials in the most conspicuous manner and travel unmolested to their various trysting-places. All their movements were duly reported to Cromwell, who grimly watched them running their heads into the meshes which he and his trepanners had prepared. During the night of 8 March six or seven abortive efforts at insurrection took place in the Western and Northern counties of England, and in every case the Royalists retreated or dispersed of their own accord, or never met at all.

Sir Reginald Palgrave is very severe upon "the lying use, which, according to Guizot, Cromwell made of that 'apparition faible et fugitive', the insurrection" of deluded cavaliers. "Thus by the goodness of God", he exclaimed with his customary cant, "the greatest and most dangerous Design, not only for the involving us in Blood and Confusion here at Home, but exposing us to the will of Foreigners, hath been defeated and brought to nothing; and this cruel and bloody Enemy put under as great and signal disappointments as any Age can produce an example of". Few, however, were deceived by these clumsy falsehoods, and frantic efforts were made to suborn further evidence. The "cruel and bloody" Royalists were arrested wholesale and Commissioner General Reynolds calmly proposed to make them "speak forcibly by tying matches, or some kind of pain whereby they may be made to discover the plot". But, as Sir Reginald remarks, "even the thumbscrew cannot screw something out of nothing".

He sets forth that this "national fraud" of a bogus insurrection was designed as a pretext for "that remarkable display of military supremacy which is known in history as the institution of the major-generals". But Cromwell was then intriguing for the crown, and the despotism of the major-generals was notoriously extorted from him against his will. He complained bitterly that the army "had made him their

drudge upon all occasions" and he evidently hoped that an alarm of royalist activity would persuade the country to place its destinies unreservedly in his hands. As it proved, the ambitious officers were too many for him, but that is very different from his conspiring actively on their behalf. Indeed, great part of his usurpation was spent in fruitless efforts to emancipate himself from his army. It was only eighteen months after trumping up the rising of March 1655 that he induced a "parliament" to offer him the throne. The most remarkable part of the whole affair is that he had not the craft to intrigue more plausibly.

THE POULTRY FANCIER'S TEXT-BOOK.

"The New Book of Poultry." By Lewis Wright. London: Cassell. 1903. 21s.

THE Crystal Palace Show, which closed on Thursday last, reminds us that in the press of books calling for attention we have left too long Mr. Wright's really great work on poultry. Poultry breeding, whether as a business or a hobby, has peculiar advantages. As a hobby, while it cannot be cultivated without certain favourable conditions, it is within reach of the country gentleman, or lady, of quite moderate means. A millionaire may easily spend fabulous sums upon it, but he cannot squeeze out everybody who is not so rich as he, as in much sport and in many hobbies he can do, and in this country seems very intent on doing. Then chicken and ducks, turkeys and geese, are interesting in themselves, and to those who have any sense of humour, very amusing. He must be a dull dog that can catch the eye of a chicken without smiling. We have no doubt that poultry keeping could be treated in a quite literary way (we have not noticed yet whether it comes into the new Haddon Hall volume on farming), for it has its historic and sentimental side. Are there not famous prints of country maids throwing grain to the chickens? This, however, is not the side on which Mr. Wright's book approaches the subject. His is essentially a severe text-book, crammed from end to end with information, stated throughout with practical precision and elaborate detail. Not one practical aspect of poultry seems to be overlooked. The table point of view, eggs and laying, and the show all receive full attention. It is of course a very solid book and must be regarded as a work of reference. From this point of view perhaps the illustrations will pass; they are obviously designed, like diagrams, to illustrate the points of the different breeds; but even so we consider they exaggerate them. Looked at as pictures they fail; they are not pleasing, and, to judge by the breeds we know best, they do not give one a good idea of the bird. In fact they are utterly removed from art. If it is said that to provide artistic plates would mean doubling or trebling the price of an already expensive, though we are far from saying a dear, book, we point to such works as Dr. Arnold Spuller's *Moths and Butterflies of Europe* (Stuttgart), now being brought out at a shilling a number, each number containing three or four plates. Every figure in those plates is a work of art.

To us the most interesting part of the book is the development of the different breeds; the stages in their evolution are well traced. We have no sympathy with the condemnation of the fancier. He is no encroacher upon wild life or enemy to nature. He works to an end, and breeding towards a definite goal is an intensely scientific process. Whether the ideal aimed at is the best, from the point of view of beauty or use, will naturally be a constant subject of discussion. Sometimes probably "points" are arbitrary, but very far less often, we suspect, than the layman imagines. The canon is not arrived at by accident; there is a basis for it. For ourselves we admit that we like the appearance of the intermediate stage, about 1870, of the English game fowl, for instance, more than the modern type, in which clean muscular development seems to be getting perilously near to lankiness. A handsomer or stronger looking bird than a good Duckwing game cock we cannot imagine; but is he not getting a trifle too spare? It was right to refine away the heaviness

of the old fighting cock, but refinement can go too far. Apropos of game fowls, by far the most attractive of all breeds in our view, being amongst other things of the most ancient English pedigree, we must say a word as to "dubbing", the removal of wattles and comb. We are quite willing to admit with Mr. Wright that this operation is not a particularly painful one, and that in the case of birds intended for fighting, it was a right and humane practice. But they are not, happily, used now for fighting in this country, so the object of "dubbing" on Mr. Wright's own showing is gone. It is now, as it seems to us, an indefensible practice, and we are glad that at some shows, as at the Dairy Show, it is prohibited. It is a barbarism, not as giving pain, but as a mutilation. If Mr. Wright thinks it improves the bird's appearance, very well, let him and those who are with him breed comb and wattles clean away. They might reach their ideal one day, and the process would be perfectly legitimate.

We are sorry we have not space to touch on the heavier sorts, Cochins, Brahmas, Wyandottes, and so forth. They all receive full attention in this book. But surely Leghorns are somewhat slighted for so fashionable a breed?

NOVELS.

"The Relentless City." By E. F. Benson. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

The penalty of the popular novelist is that, whether he has anything to say or not, he must produce, at more or less regular intervals, some sort of volume on pain of being instantly consigned to oblivion by a fickle public. If he be a man of temperament this irksome necessity will kill any kind of inspiration. For the artist the mere fact that a piece of work must be done within a given time is sufficient reason to make the execution of it impossible. In Mr. Benson's latest book there is abundant evidence to show that his novel was produced under some kind of constraint. Whether it was that Mr. Benson felt he owed it to himself to write it, or whether he was merely obeying the behests of his publisher, voicing the demands of a clamorous public, we cannot say. Certain it is, however, that "The Relentless City" was written with a great deal of painful effort not unmixed with boredom. Spontaneity and what is called "go" are lacking. Mr. Benson's idea was to write a novel dealing with the American invasion. He recognises "the huge preposterous vulgarity of the American mind". He regards America "as some awful cuttlefish. Its tentacles are reaching over the world. It grips hold of some place, and no power on earth can detach those suckers. You cannot see it coming, because it clouds the whole of the atmosphere with the thick opacity of its juice, wealth". Around these ideas Mr. Benson has constructed a story to show to what a rotten state the worship of wealth has brought us. But somehow these jeremiads against modern society do not come with convincing force from Mr. Benson. They rather remind one of the popular preacher who in his racy denunciations of lust never forgets that his congregation are eager to have their horror of sin intensified by as clear a description of it as discretion permits. Into the vortex of the life of that brilliant section of American society whose doings form the chief topics of "the yellow press" Mr. Benson plunges us. The equestrian dinners, for instance, the farm-yard entertainment and the Noah's ark banquet have all been reported, and these are carefully woven into the story. The characters, although probably drawn from life—"founded on fact" we might say—are extraordinarily lifeless, and for the most part mere pegs on which to hang Mr. Benson's theories. Mr. Lewis S. Palmer the railroad-porter millionaire and his "impossible" wife are, perhaps, the most convincing studies. Mr. Benson apparently intended to compare English and American society to the advantage of the former. If so the types he has chosen are singularly unfortunate. Lord Keynes who is the representative of "the flower of English nobility" (to quote Mr. Benson's penny "novelette-y" description).

is quite as vulgar and offensive as any of the Americans, and Mrs. Massington, a Dodoesque woman, is every whit as appalling in her behaviour as Mrs. Lewis S. Palmer.

"The Other Mrs. Jacobs: a Matrimonial Complication." By Mrs. Campbell Praed. London: John Long. 1903. 6s.

Mrs. Campbell Praed has built a serious novel containing interesting character-studies on a framework almost farcical. Her story is of two women and three men, each woman loved in turn by each man. Clarice the bad marries Jacobs, leaves him (believing her to be dead) to marry Grier, falls out of love with Grier and into love with Koenigsen. Helga the good marries Jacobs (both being unaware of Clarice's survival), but is loved by Grier and Koenigsen (each of whom had quickly tired of Clarice). One is rather sorry for Clarice, who, although she was horrid, found it annoying to be always succeeded by Helga. Clarice, however, misbehaved and Helga did not. Jacobs was dull and (within his lights) moral, Grier was noble but not very moral, Koenigsen was neither noble nor moral. The plot seems to lead itself to expression in algebraic formulæ. But the people who behave in these odd ways are rather cleverly presented, and a spoiled boy, a young lady who acts as Helga's companion and is unique in the book as possessing common sense, and finally a pet monkey, relieve the monotony of the sentimental see-saw. This novel is not suitable for presentation as a Sunday-school prize.

"The Squire." By E. L. Haverfield. London: George Allen. 1903. 6s.

Readers of "Badmanstow" will be gratified to learn that Miss Haverfield once more sets her romance among well-seen and well-presented countryfolk. Often the term countryfolk is taken to mean nothing other than the agriculturists and the poorer classes of the community, but it is not so narrowed here. The squire himself is socially speaking the head of our countryfolk and he has just returned from India having succeeded to family estates that he had never seen and a fortune with which to sustain them. In the previous generation money and land had been divorced so that there was much for Gerard Beaumont to do when he took up the congenial duties of the squire. A kindly man of the strongest will-power he soon found that for the purpose of doing what he liked with his own all his firmness of purpose and character was to be called upon; and then when all things seem going well at last "comes a frost, a killing frost", and love had to be added to will before all came right again. It forms a pretty romance—the firm young man working hard in India to save his ancestral estate from the hammer, his entanglement with a shallow young woman who was unworthy of his affection and incapable of appreciating his character, and the right woman coming along in the end. Such a synopsis is like a skeleton but by no means suggests the beauty with which it may be clothed, and it is in the delineation of character, in the presentation of country "atmosphere" that Miss Haverfield is most strikingly successful. Whether she takes us into the home of the jealous and lonely bachelor parson or that of his happily-wedded confrère of the neighbouring parish or among the rural sordidness of the Marsh End cottages she always impresses us with her instinct for seeing things and her ability for describing that which she sees. Generally a careful writer Miss Haverfield should avoid such unhappy phrases as "different to", for such slips are annoying though they do not lessen her power as a notable delineator of country life.

"The Golden Fetich." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Harper. 1903. 6s.

We do not quite recognise Mr. Phillpotts in a commonplace story of treasure-hunting in Africa written "for the brave boys of old England and America" (what is the matter with the brave boys of Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the dominions beyond the seas?) Many people can do this kind of thing much better. And we doubt the extent of the author's researches into Central African lore. Then, in a boy's

book, what on earth is the good of dragging in a morphia-maniac? The events are improbable (in detail) without being very interesting. No: Mr. Phillpotts when he relaxes would do better to carry further his study of "The Human Boy" than to flounder along Mr. Rider Haggard's old spoor.

LESSER BIOGRAPHIES.

We remember seeing it put rather neatly by a very well informed writer on society that the question of the day was not so much "Is life worth living?" as "Can we afford to live it?" It is certain that if you can live sufficiently long and in a good enough "set" a good little sum may be made by the writing of books recalling your experiences and the anecdotes of your friends. "Odds and Ends" (Arnold, 16s.) is a kind of overflow from his earlier book "Phases of My Life" by Dean Pigou. The author attributes the present volume to the kind reception already given to his reminiscences by the public. He tells us that his publisher only stipulated that the new volume of reminiscences was not to be a repetition of the old, but that it was to be of the same size. It is clear that he did not stipulate that there were not to be any chestnuts in it. The story about Temple and the boy who called him a just beast, which Dean Pigou brings in, strikes one as even fresh and original compared with some of the others. For instance, the man who used Pears' soap, and since then has used no other, comes in once more. Meeting so many old enemies, one naturally suspects every anecdote here related. One of the more passable is that of the bad shot who after many unsuccessful efforts said "Keeper, tell me the truth; did you ever see such a bad shot as I am?" "Oh yes, my lord," replied the man, "I have: your lordship misses the birds so clean". Lord Derby's reply to the pushing wine merchant, "I have tasted your sherry and much prefer the gout", sounds familiar. It is not unworthy of respite.—Lord Ronald Gower tells us in his preface that he has been asked to unite his two previous books "My Reminiscences" and "Old Diaries": the result is "Records and Reminiscences" (Murray, 18s.). One of the books is twenty years old: the other was reviewed at length in the SATURDAY REVIEW not long ago.

Mr. W. B. Dunlop has edited "Dr. John Brown: a Biography and a Criticism" by the late John Taylor Brown (Black, 5s. net). It is rather a slight record, being found by the editor in an unrevised and indeed unfinished state after the death of the author, but it will probably be acceptable to readers of John Brown's essays—"a light but imperishable literature". Messrs. Black are now producing a cheap edition of "Horæ Subsecivæ". The author applies the fine eulogy of Edward Irving by Carlyle to John Brown: "But for him I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest human soul mine ever came in contact with." He dwells on the "curious sweetness" of Brown.

In "The Autobiography of William Simpson" (Unwin. 21s. net) we have a life story told in very simple language and a most unemotional manner, so that the reader is almost induced to accept the rapidly changing circumstances of his career and the at times remarkable experiences as a matter of course. On the other hand he not infrequently gravely records everyday episodes of naval or military life which probably, owing to his simple nature and early environment, struck him when first they came to his notice as novel. As, for example, when he is at pains to explain how in the navy the captain rules the time on board his ship by ordering his informant who reports it to be "eight bells" to "make it so". He was the first of the war artists who now accompany all British expeditions and campaigns with doubtful benefit either to the army or the country. For nearly forty years Simpson led a nomadic existence always in the pursuit of his art, and the twenty-seven chapters of the book deal with nearly as many expeditions or episodes. He was at the opening of the Suez Canal and throughout the Franco-German War, where he underwent in addition the somewhat unpleasant experience of being shut up in Paris during the time of the Commune. He stoutly avers that the true story of the deeds of the Communists has yet to be written and that the treatment meted out to them by the victorious Versailles troops was little short of murder. Although, according to his writings, well acquainted with French all his life, it is curious that he should describe Louis Napoleon as Napoleon le Petite (sic). One of the more noteworthy of his expeditions to little known parts of the world, was when he accompanied Sir Robert Napier in the conquest of Abyssinia in 1867; and he was with Sir Peter Lumsden in the Central Asian journey in 1885. During these and a score of other expeditions he continually made sketches; some of these are reproduced in the volume now published, and it must be admitted that they are both artistic and of considerable interest.

Lord Monson and George Leveson-Gower have edited the

(Continued on page 620.)

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"Memoirs of George Elers" (Heinemann). Captain Elers was a cousin of Maria Edgeworth and a number of her letters to him are given in this book. They relate principally to family affairs and are not particularly distinguished as specimens of letter-writing. One or two letters which passed between Elers and the Duke of Wellington are more interesting. Elers considered himself badly treated and overlooked. He wrote begging the Duke to give him employment. The Duke declines with stiff politeness. Later Elers appears to have offered him a dog as a present. The Duke is much obliged, but declines again. He "has no occasion for a Newfoundland Dog and will not deprive Mrs. Elers of him". Elers years before had received a very friendly letter from Wellesley, which he sent to the Duke as a gentle reminder; but to no purpose. "Can this man have a heart?" he queries in a memorandum attached to the correspondence. There is a very interesting but short account of "Wellesley's table talk" at one time in India. Wellesley told Elers in 1801 that his highest ambition was to be a major-general in His Majesty's service. Fourteen years later he had beaten Napoleon, was a prince, a duke, a grandee of Spain, and a grand cross of about every order of knighthood in Europe. There are a good many entertaining glimpses in these memoirs of military life at the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, and also some excellent touches in regard to sport.—Messrs. Longmans publish at 15s. a second edition of Dr. Hiley's "Memories of Half a Century" which has been revised. The Latin quotations appear to have been too stiff for some of Dr. Hiley's readers, for he in this edition translated them. We think he makes a mistake in referring to reviews and reviewers in this new preface. He tenders his "hearty thanks to that large number of reviewers of the best class who have written in terms of commendation". This kind of thing is liable to misinterpretation.—"Anna Swanwick" (Unwin. 6s. net) is an account by Miss May Bruce of an accomplished and public-spirited woman. Miss Swanwick was best known perhaps for her translations from Greek and German poets, which Mr. Lecky and others considered to be masterly, but she also took an eager interest in educational work connected with girls' colleges and schools, and was a good speaker. There is as frontispiece to this volume a reproduction of a good crayon drawing by Mr. Lowes Dickinson.

For This Week's Books see page 622.

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Bartolozzi and his Pupils in England (Selwyn Brinton). Siegle, 1s. 6d. net.
Sandro Botticelli (Julia Cartwright). Duckworth. 2s. net.
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The Boy Galloper (by the Intelligence Officer). Blackwood. 6s.
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Sunset Rock (May Baldwin), 5s.; Peter the Pilgrim (L. T. Meade), 3s. 6d.; Walsh the Wonder-Worker (G. Manville Fenn), 5s.; Anthony Everton (J. S. Fletcher), 2s. Chambers.

The Beatrice Book (Ralph Harold Bretherton), 6s.; The Little People (L. Allen Harker), 5s. Lane.

The Japanese Fairy Book (Yei Theodora Ozaki). Constable. 6s. net.
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FICTION.

Under Cheddar Cliffs a Hundred Years Ago (Edith Seeley). Seeley. 5s.
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Denis Dent (E. W. Hornung). Isbister. 6s.
Sir David's Visitors (Sarah Tytler). Chatto and Windus. 6s.

Barbe of Grand Bayou (John Oxenham). Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.
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(Continued on page 624.)

A Christmas Suggestion.

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The DIRECTORS' REPORT for September, 1903, shows that gold was recovered during the period amounting to 13,830'049 ozs.

Expenditure and Revenue.

135 Stamps crushed 18,474 tons.

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.	Per ton milled.
Mining Account (including Maintenance) ..	11,003	16	7	0 11 10'953
Milling Account (including Maintenance) ..	3,182	12	11	0 3 5'347
Vanning Account (including Maintenance) ..	258	1	4	0 0 3'353
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts (including Maintenance) ..	2,509	8	4	0 2 8'600
Slimes Account (including Maintenance) ..	1,010	17	4	0 1 1'132
General Maintenance ..	167	14	0	0 0 2'179
General Charges ..	1,501	5	0	0 1 7'508
Development Account ..	2,707	18	0	0 2 11'179
Machinery, Plant and Buildings ..	579	14	0	0 0 7'531
	22,921	7	6	1 4 9'777
Profit on Working ..	30,402	11	1	1 12 10'956
	£53,323	18	7	£2 17 8'743

REVENUE.

	£	s.	d.	Per ton milled.
Gold Accounts—				£ s. d.
From Mill ..	38,136	10	0	2 1 2'444
From Tailings ..	8,632	8	9	0 9 4'146
From Slimes ..	1,754	2	9	0 1 10'788
From own Concentrates ..	4,619	5	4	0 5 0'010
	53,142	12	10	2 17 6'388
Sundry Revenue—				
Rents, estimate of Interest, Cash on hand and Profit on Purchased Concentrates ..	181	5	9	0 0 2'355
	£53,323	18	7	£2 17 8'743

No provision has been made in the above Account for payment of the 10 per cent. Profits Tax. The value of the Gold produced is the value at £4'247727 per oz Fine, less cost of realisation.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT to Sept. 30, 1903:—

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. 20,057'121 ozs.
 Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. 6'934 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses ..	£31,012 11 5	£0 10 8'854
Milling Expenses ..	7,191 12 10	0 2 5'880
Cyaniding Expenses ..	6,452 5 11	0 2 11'118
General Expenses ..	3,890 19 3	0 1 1'673
Head Office Expenses ..	1,963 7 11	0 0 8'157
	51,010 17 4	0 17 11'634
Working Profit ..	32,488 0 8	0 11 2'984
	£84,398 18 0	£1 9 2'669
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account ..	£84,398 18 0	£1 9 2'669
To Net Profit ..		£32,774 13 7
		£32,774 13 7
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Balance, Working Profit, brought down ..	£32,488 0 8	0 11 2'984
Interest ..	286 17 11	
	£32,774 18 7	

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures. The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £4,170 14s. 10d.

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' QUARTERLY REPORT to Sept. 30, 1903:—

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources .. 25,577'974 ozs.
 Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis .. 7'690 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses ..	£38,008 13 2	£0 11 5'136
Milling Expenses ..	9,553 11 1	0 2 10'409
Cyaniding Expenses ..	9,901 10 2	0 2 11'725
General Expenses ..	2,631 8 10	0 0 10'215
Head Office Expenses ..	2,081 17 3	0 0 7'513
	62,377 0 6	0 18 0'059
Working Profit ..	45,492 19 7	0 13 8'140
	£107,870 0 1	£1 13 5'199
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account ..	£107,870 0 1	£1 13 5'199
To Net Profit ..		£45,863 7 9
		£45,863 7 9
Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Balance, Working Profit, brought down ..	£45,492 19 7	0 13 8'140
Interest ..	370 8 2	
	£45,863 7 9	

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures. The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £704 19s. 9d.

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